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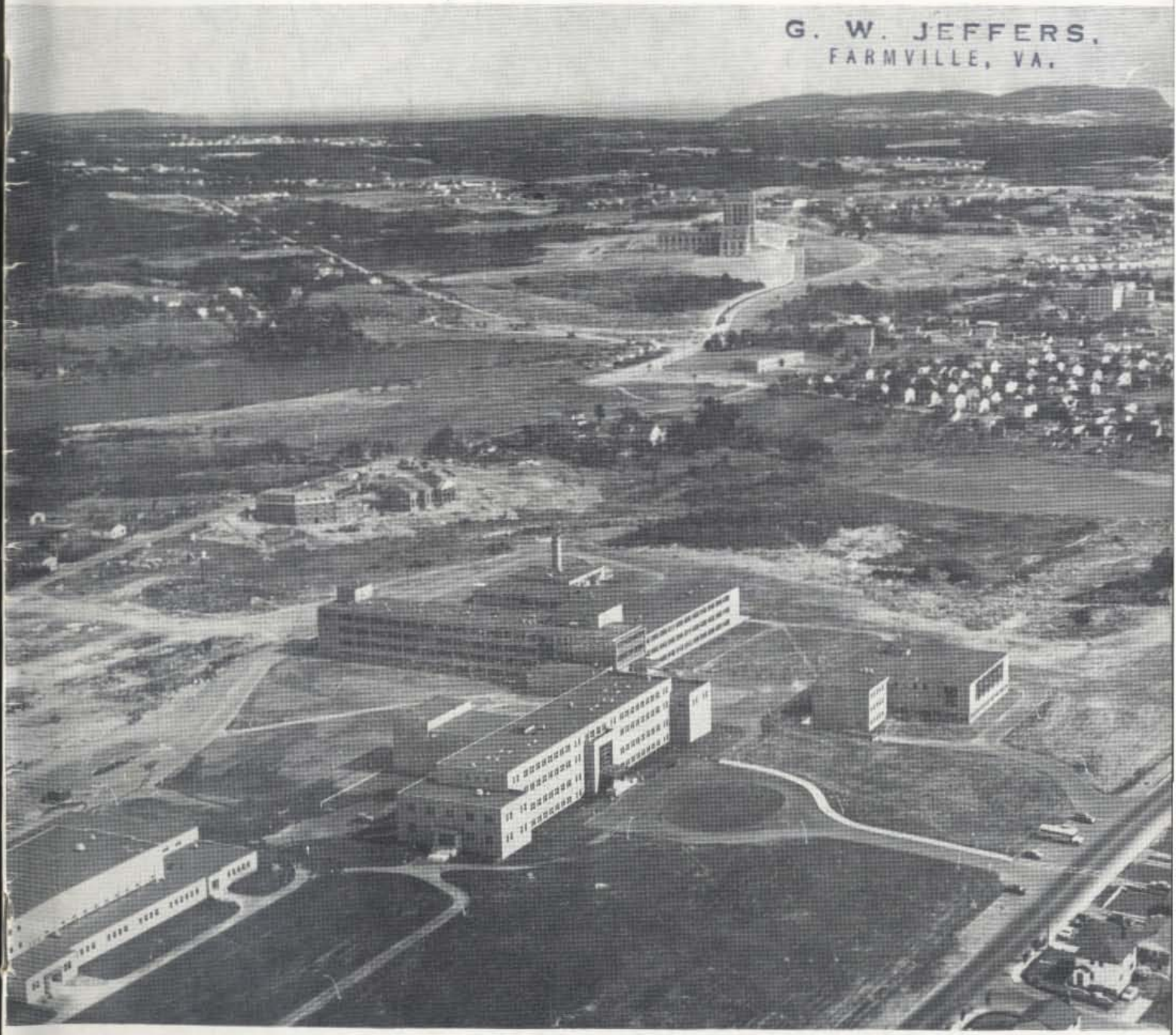
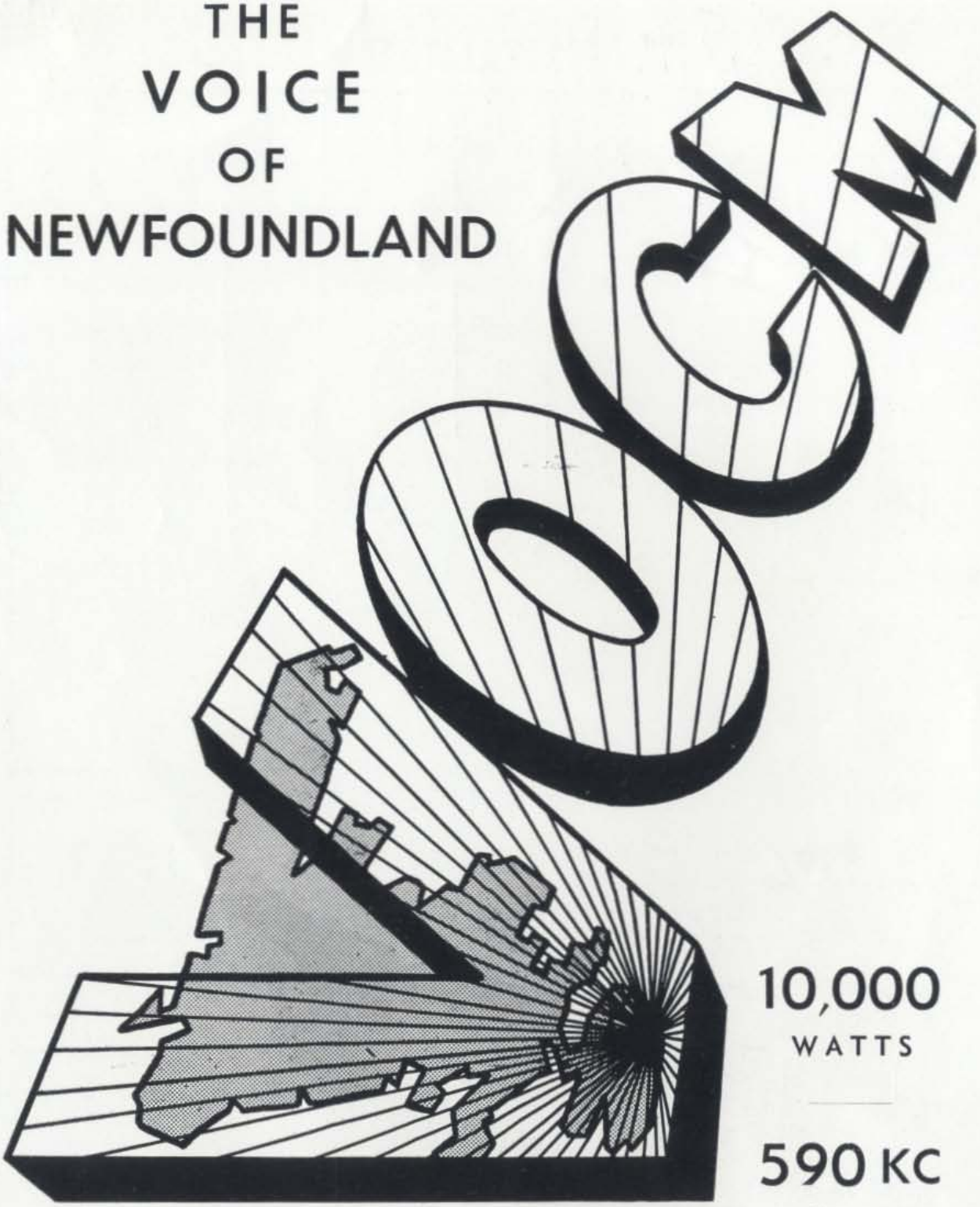


The new Memorial University of Newfoundland

THE VOICE OF NEWFOUNDLAND



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THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

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VOL. LX

No. 3

ST. JOHN'S, NFLD., FALL, 1961

Canada $1.00 Per Year

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Memorial University of Newfoundland

By ERIC A. SEYMOUR

THE history of the Memorial University of Newfoundland spans only twelve years, but its roots go back thirty-six years. In September, 1925, Memorial University College was officially opened by His Excellency Governor Sir W. Allardyce. The first president was John L. Paton, distinguished British educator. He brought a new concept of higher education to the young men and women of that era in Newfoundland.

Mr. Paton remained at MUC for eight years and was succeeded by Dr. A. G. Hatcher, who held the post until 1949 when, by act of the Newfoundland Legislature MUC was raised to the rank of a degree-conferring university. He then became the first President.

The first class at MUC totalled 57; enrollment at the University this year tops the 1700 mark. In 1949 total enrolment was 329. The rapid expansion in the past few years of the student body shows clearly the great impact of the Government's bursary and scholarship program and of contributions from private citizens and organizations in this same field. From a staff of ten in 1925, the faculty now totals just over one hundred.

Names to be remembered in connection with the creation of Memorial University College are permanently inscribed in educational history. They were Dr. W. W. Blackall, Dr. V. P. Burke, Rev. Levi Curtis, Hon. A. Barnes and Sir Richard Squires, the latter being Prime Minister when the decision was made to create MUC.

The first staff of MUC consisted of Mr. J. L. Paton, Dr. S. Whiteway, Dr. A. G. Hatcher, Dr. A. Hunter, Elizabeth McGrath, registrar and librarian, and J. L. Mickerson, then on leave from Dalhousie University, N. Molson, H. Harrison, G. F. O'Sullivan and Miss Jean Mutch.

Dr. Raymond Gushue was appointed President and Vice-Chancellor of the Memorial University of Newfoundland in 1952. He suceeded Dr. A. G. Hatcher who died two years ago.

Old MUC was actually established in the Normal School which was formally opened September 29, 1924. The principal of the Normal School was the late Dr. S. P. Whiteway, who became Professor of Education in the University College. The depression forced the closing of this, the first inter-denominational school for teachers, but a teacher-training department was added to Memorial University College in 1933.

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DR. R. GUSHUE,
President

FIRST DEVELOPMENT STAGE COMPLETED

A New Era in Education

ONE of the greatest displays of the builders' art is found in the new University buildings. To those readers who have not yet had the pleasure of touring the buildings they will find a new concept of mortar and brick developed into structures of incomparable beauty and design.

The first development phase which has cost $13 million was completed in the spring which enabled the staff to move in and prepare for the 1961-62 session. By employing students in their long holiday the manifold chores related with completing the finishing touches, such as furnishing faculty members' rooms, numbering chairs in the various lecture rooms and theatres, helping instal the vast equipment in the science department, and the very heavy task of fitting up the magnificent library, plus many other jobs.

The buildings completed in the first phase consist of arts and administration, science, library, gymnasium, boiler house and laboratories.

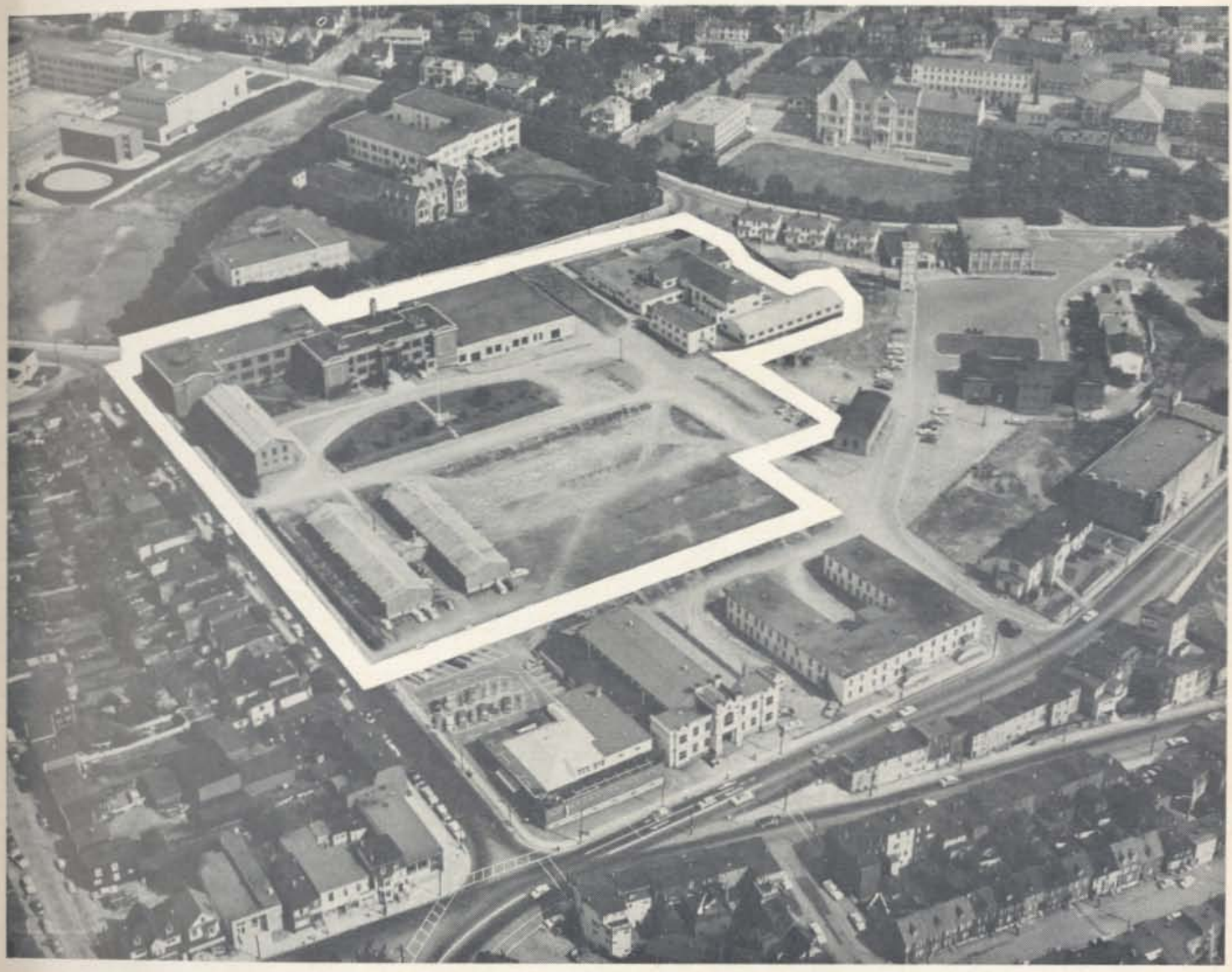
The arts and administration building covers 98,000 square feet, is four storeys with a frontage of 342 feet. It contains 221 rooms, including offices for administration and the faculty. The entrance is very imposing in ceramic tile, with light oak panelling, giving a richness and charm to the entire design. The University's crest is also in an honoured position. The same fine woodwork covers the walls of the imposing regents' room and the office of the Vice-Chancellor and President, Dr. Raymond Gushue. Elsewhere the walls have been left in natural state of the cement but with various colors of paint to diversify the decoration which gives a pleasant effect.

The arts building also contains a modern lecture theatre with seating capacity for 420 students. This theatre will be the home of the University's little theatre movement and is equipped with all the variety of lights and curtains associated with the professional theatre. The acoustics are well-nigh perfect so that even a whisper can be heard in the back row of seats. Film projectors have also been installed.

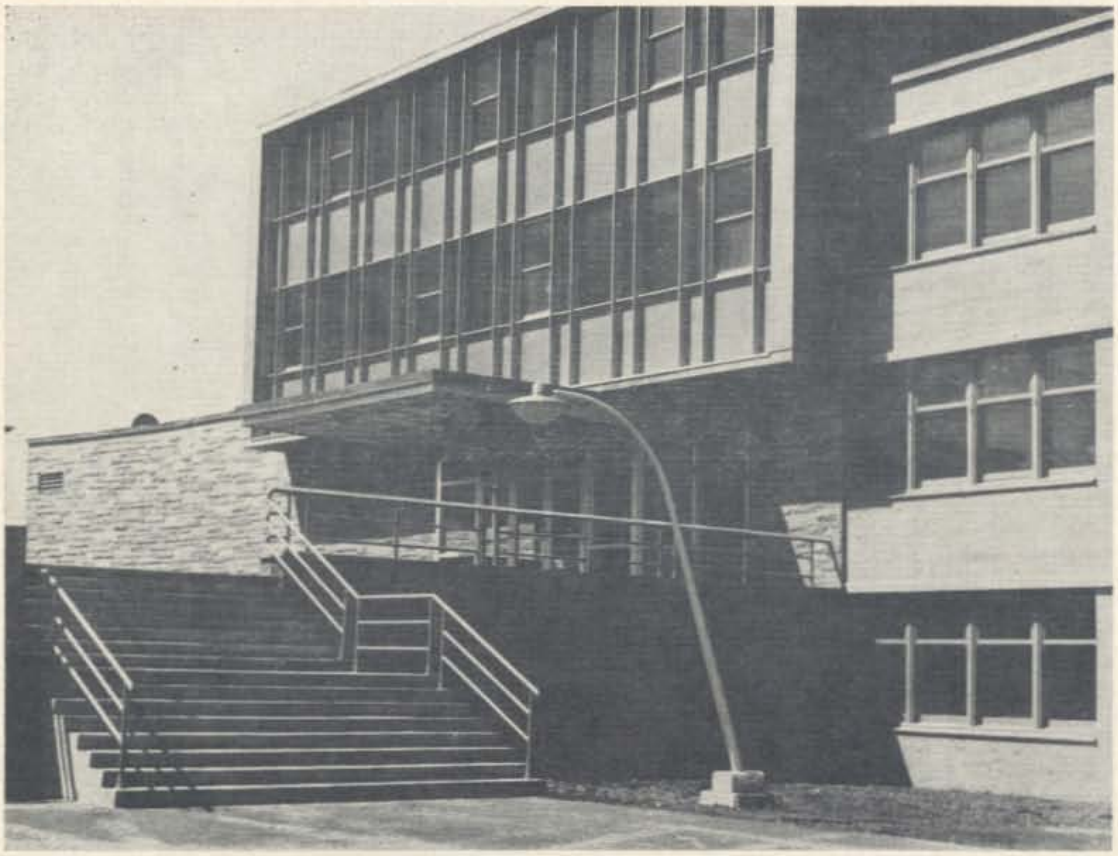
On the second floor the various professors have their offices and there is a language laboratory fitted with electronic apparatus to help pupils in their English and foreign language pronunciations. In the basement floor there are several divisions including the extension services and conference rooms.

The library building has an area of 45,000 square feet, a frontage of 169 facing the science building, and has three storeys with mezzanine. From basement to the top floor the spacious areas are fitted with various shelves and receptacles geared to hold 300,000 volumes. At present the book stock totals a little over 60,000. The University subscribes to a thousand periodicals and in this special section the latest issues of many famous journals, in various languages and covering arts, sciences, literature, current affairs and news-

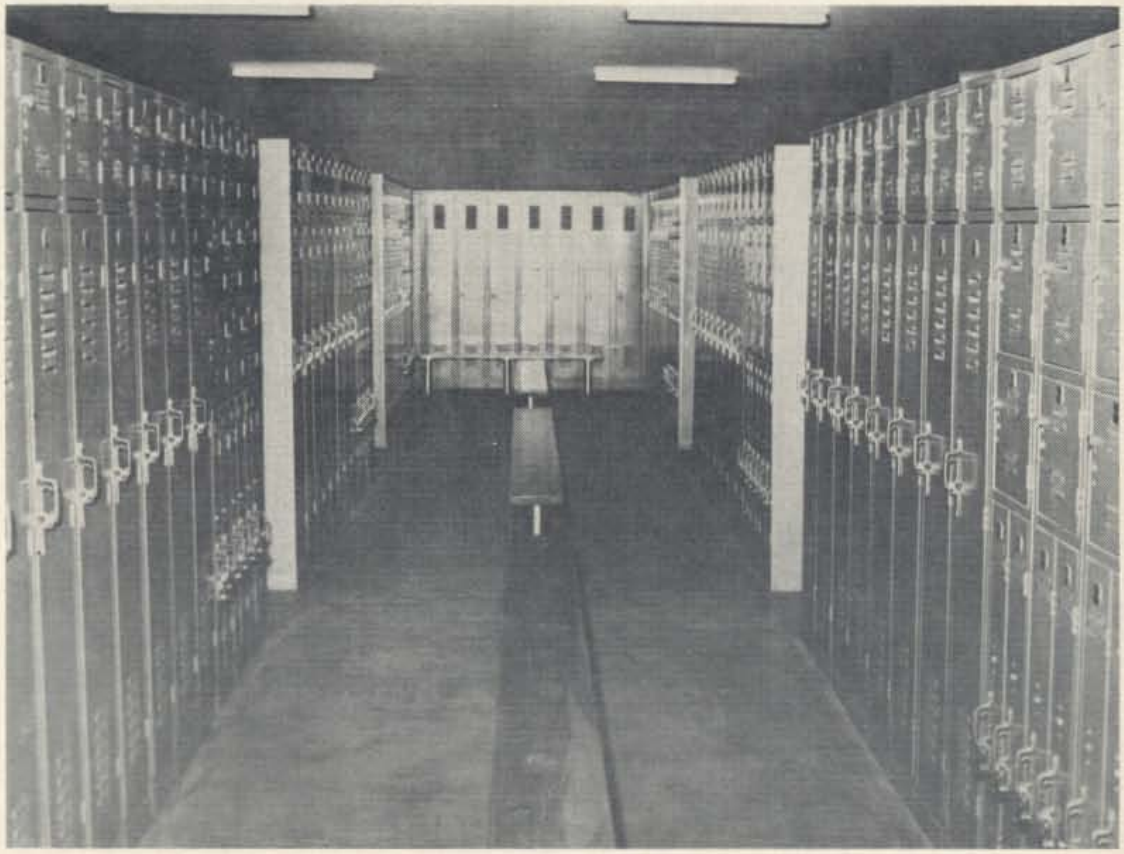
(Continued on Page 7)



Aerial view of the former
Memorial University College and
first Campus of
Memorial University of Newfoundland



The Entrance to the Science & Engineering Building



Students' Locker Rooms

papers are neatly stacked and readily available. There is also a special place for rare and valuable books and exhibition showcases. In the main reading section are twelve four-sectional reading desks, in each one of which four students can read and make notes at the same time without disturbing the other three. There are also convenient single booths in various parts of the building for the benefit of students needing time to study the subject they seek. There are also listening booths for recorded language and music. There is also in the Library an art display centre, built on the most up-to-date planning and affording complete safety for valuable masterpieces. As a matter of fact, a valuable Canadian collection of art from the National Art Gallery will be on display during opening week. Such paintings would never have been sent to Newfoundland if the proper facilities were not available. This is probably the most modern university library in North America.

The science building covers an area of 125,000 square feet has a section stepped up to four storeys and a frontage of 323 feet. It contains 260 rooms and a large lecture theatre with 294 seats, from any one of which the student can see the experiments out front. The theatre takes in two storeys, slopes from the top to the front and is windowless. There are also fittings for four moving picture projectures. There are also other smaller lecture theatres and large classrooms for engineers fitted with desks, fined T-squares drafting and boards. There are also the physics, chemistry, geology and biology departments, all extensively equipped. The chemistry department, in particular, is a maze of burners, test tubes, sinks and other equipment highly essential for the imparting of this subject. The biological and other labs are also equally well equipped. The geography section caught our eye and it seemed that the maps of every country with sub-divisions were on display or readily available. There is also a section in the basement which government departments will use for analytical purposes.

The gymnasium building covers 88,500 square feet, is two storeys and has a frontage of 334 feet. The gym proper is 35 feet high, 109 feet long and 85 feet wide. A mechanical partition cuts the huge playing space in half so that both sexes can be playing basketball or other games at the same time. Folding bleachers for spectators go back to the walls when not in use. There is also a small stage. The building also contains an Olympic size swimming pool 75 by 35 feet which at capacity holds 65,000 gallons of filtered water. There are two diving boards, a one metre and a three-metre. The pool is lined with ceramic tile and there is also equipment for water polo. High above the pool are seats for spectators. A chemically treated surface on entering and leaving the pool prevents foot diseases. In other sections of this sporting centre are a double shooting range, four-lane bowling alley, squash courts, lockers and a trophy room and cafeteria.

While the visitor may find the buildings spacious, there is no waste space. The designers and builders have created a fitting Memorial University, one in which all will be proud.

Under construction are the first two of ten residence buildings and a dining hall. The men's residence is L-shaped, four storeys, covering 194,000 cubic feet and will accommodate 125 students. In the basement will be a trunk room, laundry and drying room and a games room. On the first floor there will be a reception desk and post office, lounge room, piano room, music listening room and suite for the house master. Each floor will have a small study room equipped with a blackboard. The shape of the building permits short corridors and by locating the stairs and toilet rooms at each end, the traffic will be kept at a minimum. A similar building is being built for female boarding students.

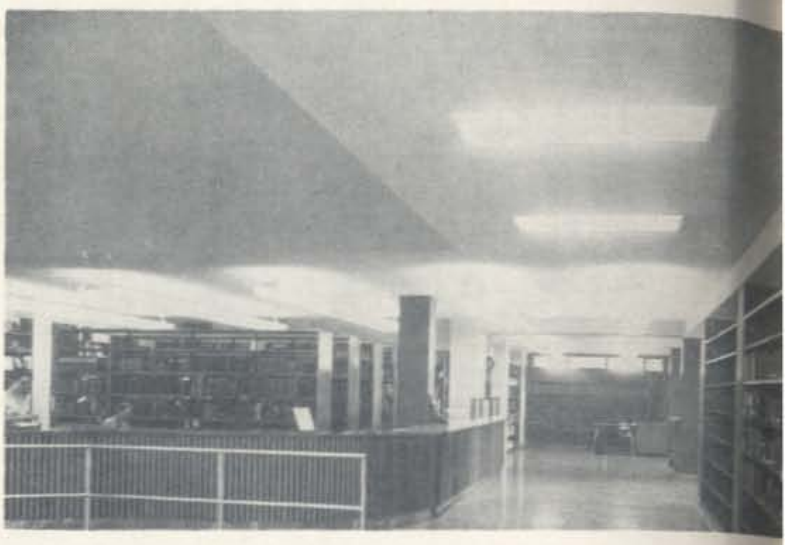
The dining hall is a two story brick building. The upper mezzanine floor opens off Irwins Road and will contain cloak rooms and a lobby area. Two stairs will lead down to the dining room below. The main dining area has 227,000 cubic feet of dining area and 123,000 cubic feet of kitchen area. Five hundred people will be served at one time during the regular session and 600 at banquets. On special occasions the dining room can be divided into three dining rooms. Each will have a cup sink and a hot plate unit. The kitchen will have its own bake shop and meat preservation room and will contain the latest in food preparation and handling equipment.

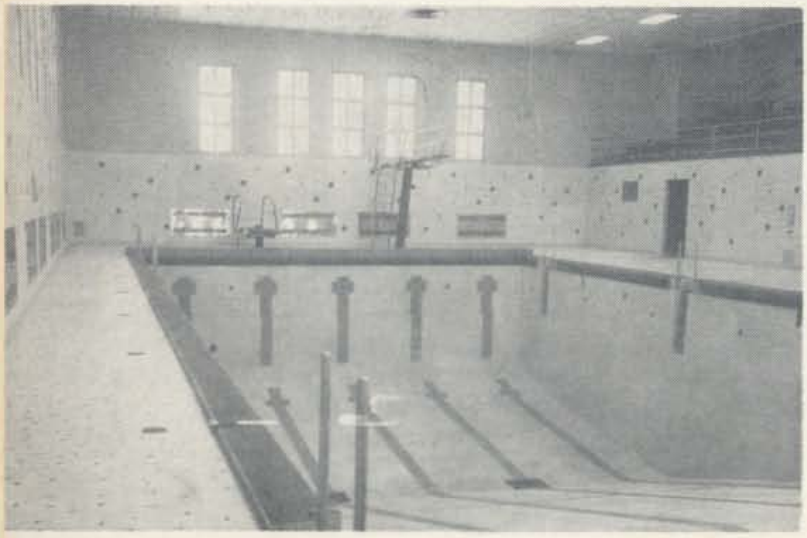
The dining hall and men's residence are but the beginning of the residence building program and plans call for a total of ten residences—three for women students and seven for men, to accommodate 392 women and 814 men. The dining hall will be large enough to service all of these residences as well as take care of the needs of the day-time students. All buildings will be connected to the academic units by underground tunnels.

All of the academic buildings on the campus are of a fire-resistive type of construction based on a structural steel framing with floors of concrete on steel joints, protected by fire resistive ceilings. Subdividing partitions are of pre-cast concrete blocks. The foundations and ground floor slab are of reinforced concrete and the outside walls of brickwork with buff facing. The cut stone trim is buff Indiana limestone. All buildings are heated from a central heating plant with individual rooms and departments under thermostatic control.

The buildings are fully ventilated by supply and exhaust fans operating through a system of ducts to each room. Lecture rooms, laboratories and offices are evenly lighted to a high intensity with fluorescent

RIGHT: THE LIBRARY
BELOW: THE THEATRE
BOTTOM: THE SWIMMING POOL





MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY (Continued)

lighting fixtures. Complete services have been installed to laboratories for the supply of water, compressed air, gas, vacuum, power, etc. A distributing system for clocks, program bells, telephones, fire alarms, etc., covers all of the buildings, and elevators have been provided in the buildings for the use of staff and for freight movement.

The University financing and construction costs were undertaken by Hanson & Hanson of Newark, New Jersey and the Canadian branch of this firm, Whitney-Hanson. This is the first time in Canada that such an arrangement—a buy back plan over a 25-year period—was instituted.

Ross-Meagher, Ottawa, were the general contractors. Newfoundland Engineering & Construction Company also participated in some of the construction work.

The architects were Lawson, Betts & Coish and A. J. C. Paine, FRAIC, MEIC, for all but the science building. This was designed by Durnford, Bolton, Chadwick & Ellwood with A. J. C. Paine, consultant. The consulting engineers were Brouillet & Carmel, Huzathibault, I. Kursbatt and James A. Kearns.

For the dining hall and residences the architects are Larsen & Larsen, Winston, Salem, with Horwood & Guihan of St. John's, associate architects.

The Greenspond Saga
in History, Song and Story

by DR. ROBERT SAUNDERS, J. D. (Dr. Juris)
Graduate of Boston, New York, Columbia, Rutgers and Iowa State Universities, the Colleges of Law of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Diploma in International Affairs, University of Minnesota.

GREENSPOND has had no official records; but with the co-operation of innumerable friends, and especially those now resident in Greenspond and those abroad who have kept interest in the "Old Rock", much history of Greenspond has come to me in a steady stream (It is perhaps to others to mention names; but I must say that Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wright have done their full part in putting Greenspond back on the map). There are many others—some do not want their names mentioned—but I have to record Mrs. Thomas Hunt Jr. who has been supplying many old and invaluable photos of half a century ago when her uncle, Ned Hutchins was an excellent photographer. Then there is the Rev. Garland G. Burton who, in addition to various data, has supplied a complete article under his own name.

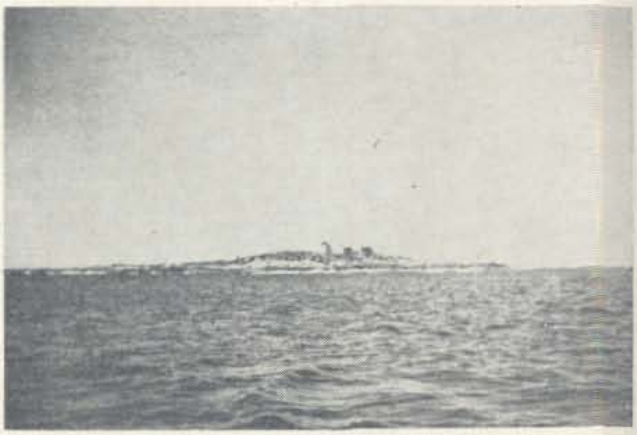
May I venture to hope as we still go ahead recording the "Old Rock"—as Greenspond is affectionately known—that this attempt of mine, over some years now in this Quarterly, to tell the history by the gathering together of many scattered facts, will contribute in some degree to keep fully alive the civic pride of Greenspond. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to say that civic pride has always been abundant in Greenspond.

I now sincerely thank one of Newfoundland's outstanding historians who has sent me some data from an old map on the earliest settlements in Greenspond. His letter to me of June reads in part: "A book entitled 'List of Fishing Rooms in Bonavista Bay, 1805'." It gives for each Room the name of the owner, occupier, etc. and the account of its origin, e.g. Greenspond: In possession of the occupiers family fifty years. The oldest of the several Greenspond Rooms is the Carter's, stated to have been first occupied by the family about 1770.

I have not yet seen personally this data; but he kindly suggests "You could perhaps arrange to have the Greenspond entries excerpted for use in your Quarterly articles."

It seems that Greenspond was settled as a fairly transient trading centre nearly a century before it was organized as a social centre, such as having a church, a law enforcement officer, a school and resident business establishments. For example, the first law enforcement officer was Dr. John Edgar, of the Royal Navy, who was sent as a Magistrate to Greenspond in 1813. (See Prowse.)

The change from a mere transcient trading centre in the 1770's with very few residents to one of an organized centre a century later, was slow indeed. But we must consider that by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 the French were given certain treaty rights to use the shore line from Cape Bonavista north. It was not until 1783 that this French landmark and right was transferred to Cape John around White Bay. So the settlers in Greensoond up to 1783 were working under considerable difficulties so far as their main industry—cod fishing—was concerned. However, it is most remarkable that settlers did go and trade there and even established fishing Rooms. (A Room was a distinct holding or portion of land).



A fine view of Puffin Island Lighthouse.

Perhaps we may mention the first notice taken of Greenspond as "a place on the map." This we find in John Oldmixon's writing in the early part of the eighteenth century. Mr. Oldmixon, in addition to his work on "The British Empire in America" (first edition 1708, second edition, revised and amended in 1741). Mr. Oldmixon (1673 to 1742) there put out his amended edition, but his 1742 edition says in vol. one:

> "These settlements began at first at Cape St. Mary's on the Southern Shore, and afterwards were scattered along the coast at eight or ten miles distance from one harbour to another as far as Greenspond; passing Cape de Raz, the most easterly point of land on the island we come to (mentioning the number of houses and business establishments) Ferryland, 30; Cape Broil, 12; Bay of Bulls, 20; Brigus Bay, 6; Bell Inn (maybe Bell Island) 3; Toad's Cove, 2; Petty Harbour, 6; St. John's town, 60; (is highly honoured in being called a town).

Mr. Oldmixon, a prolific writer in his day, refers to "Houses and families when I first published this History" (1708) and mentions: Kittavitty, 20; Torbay, 4; Holyrood, Salmon Cove and Havre de Grace, 12; Carbonear 30; Bay Virds, 10; Old Parlikin, 6; Trinity Harbour, 12; Bonavista 25; Greenspond, 3.

So it appears that Greenspond, the farthest north place, had three buildings on its shores.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his British America, shows a map of Newfoundland by the famous Dutch map maker, then settled in London, Herman Moll. Mr. Moll spells it Greenpond—which is the names of the first settlers —Green and Pond; and on his map we notice in the vicinity of Greenpond: "Gull Island, Cape Frals, Indian Bay, Bloody Bay, Cople Island (This is just inside Greenspond harbour and familiarly known as "Copper Island" never inhabited), Friswater Bay, Salvage,

THE GREENSPOND SAGA (Continued)

The Mail Boat on her way to Gambo. Part of the Monument can be seen to the left.

Flower Bay, Green Island and Cape Bonavista. Mr. Moll only says "A New Map of Newfoundland by Herman Moll, Geographer" and gives no date of it in his big volume of maps, and being reproduced by Oldmixon in 1741, we can only say just now that it was before 1741. (more data later.)

* * *

I have said that we should have something to say on settlers' names. This I have given in one article on "the Edgar Family" in the Quarterly. Due to the fact that Ralph Wright, whose forbears settled in Greenspond and established a business—of small part it may be—but it has survived all the economic storms and changes, I think it worth referring to the name of Wright. I well remember, as a small but hungry boy, sitting down in the shade of George Wright's lobster factory and eating the lobster bodies that were not used in his canning process. While George Wright had his lobster factory, Robert Wright, Ralph's father, had his "tin shop."

So let us take up four or five Wrights who have left their mark—not perhaps any relation to the Greenspond Wrights; but of the same general stock.

Perhaps the most famous was Philemon Wright, the founder of Hull, Quebec, a pioneer indeed in Canada if there was one. Lippincott's magazine in an article on "A Day With the Ottawa Chantier Men" for Feb. 1880 (by Fred Mather):

"When Philemon Wright sent his first raft down the Ottawa to Quebec in 1809, he cut all his logs on the site of Ottawa or no farther away than Deschenes Rapids."

Mr. Wright is noted in the "Encyclopaedis Canadiana (Ottawa 1958) that:

"Founder of Hull, Quebec, born at Wolburn, Massachusetts, died at Hull, Quebec, June 2, 1839. Explored the Hull district before coming in 1800 with a party of 25 men to settle in what became known as Wright's Village or Wrightown, where Hull now stands. As Wright had a capital of $30,000, the party was well equipped with livestock and tools. He immediately set up a grist mill and a sawmill and by 1804 had a smithy, tailor shop, bake-house and tannery in operation.

In 1807 he took the first raft of square timber from Hull to Quebec. The "Union of the Ottawa", the first steamboat on the Ottawa river, but built for him at Grenville, Quebec in 1819.

In 1806 he and his associates were granted one quarter of Hull Township; in consideration of his efforts to cultivate hemp. Wright received an additional grant of 1200 acres.

In the space of a few years Hull became a flourishing community. Wright became known as "the Father of the Ottawa." (Contributed to Ency. by Madge Macbeth.)

Speaking of Hull, the same source says:

"Hull is opposite the national capital. Founded by Philemon Wright in 1800, several years before Bytown (Ottawa) was first settled. (Bytown was called after Colonel By who surveyed and laid out the place afterwards known as Canada's Capital—Ottawa).

Hull was named after Hull, England, whence the parents of the founder had emigrated to Woburn, Massachusetts . . .

Drawing on the vast timber resources of the Upper Ottawa and Gatineau river valleys, which extended several hundred miles into the interior of Ontario and Quebec, Hull has been traditionally known as one of the largest lumber, pulp and paper centres of America, and now claims one of the most modern fine paper plants in the world. In effect, it is the industrial centre of the national capital area. It is the County seat of Hull County .(Vol. 5. Grey of Canada, 1958).

I might also add that the Wrights of Greenspond were interested in sawmills and foreign trade. Perhaps more than half a century ago, a Captain Wright of Greenspond died, while on a voyage to South Africa and is buried there. (In my early articles on Greenspond, I make mention of this, of which more later).

We shall have more to say of the Wrights later, and will also take up in more detail the Blandford family, the Hutchins, the Dewey's, etc.

(To be continued)

Robert Brown Job

From The Evening Telegram

ONE by one the old links are shapping, the links that bind the political history of the tenth province of Canada to that of an ancient colony and proud, though small, dominion. The death of the Honourable Robert Brown Job, one of three remaining members of the Legislative Council of Newfoundland has snapped another.

The Legislative Council or Upper House together with the House of Assembly constituted Newfoundland's bicameral legislature under the constitution which gave us Responsible Government in 1855. When Newfoundland became a self-governing province of Canada in 1949 the Legislative Council was not restored.

The late Mr. Job had a number of other distinctions. He was a member of the National Convention which from 1946 to 1948 discussed forms of government that might be submitted to the people of Newfoundland for their choice in a referendum. He represented St. John's East and, although he was then in his seventies, was a faithful attendant at the sessions and made a calm and reasoned contribution to the debates.

He was also closely connected with one of the oldest businesses in Newfoundland, the firm of Job Brothers, which he joined in 1879, and whose presidency he assumed in 1949. This firm had its origins with Samuel Bulley, a Devonshire man, who commenced his establishment on the Southside of St. John's about 1750. In 1777 he received an apprentice from Devonshire, named John Job, the paternal great grandfather of R. B. Job. When John Job married Bulley's daughter in 1782 he made another partnership as well. Henceforth the firm was known as Bulley & Job and eventually it evolved into Job Brothers.

The late Mr. Job was also related by blood ties with Newfoundland's greatest patriot, Dr. William Carson. The "fighting doctor" was his maternal great-grandfather, a tie established when his ancestor Thomas Raffles Job married the doctor's daughter, Jessy. The family name of Carson has been proudly borne as a Christian name by many members of the Job family even since.

These distinctions should be sufficient to convince even the most skeptical that in the passing of the Honourable R. B. Job, a very significant link with the old Newfoundland has been broken. There are not many places in Canada, indeed there are not many places in North America, where a family and a business and a tradition, like that suggested by the name "Job," exists.

Some years ago, Honourable R. B. Job set out to compile the story of that family, that business and that tradition. The result "John Job's Family" is an important piece of Newfoundland research extremely valuable today when so little of that kind of record has been preserved, much less collated.

There are several firms and families in Newfoundland which have very long and intimate associations with the economic, political and social history of this province. They have in their possession documents and other material which, if assembled and notated would be invaluable in helping to reconstruct many indefinite periods of our history. There is an obligation on them either to do so themselves or make it available to competent researchers to do it for them.

When Nova Scotia Helped to Save the Empire

A Memoir of Major-General

Sir William Fenwick Williams of Kars

by

DR. ROBERT SAUNDERS, J. D. (Dr. Juris)

Graduate of Boston, New York, Columbia, Rutgers and Iowa State Universities, the College of Law of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Diploma in International Affairs, University of Minnesota.

Major General Sir William Fenwick Williams, K.C.B. "The Hero of Kars" — from a photograph by John Watkins, Parliament Street.

IN the March 1960 issue of this Magazine we gave space to a distinguished Nova Scotian of just a century ago:—namely, Major-General Sir John Inglis, son of a bishop who once had jurisdiction (as a bishop) over Newfoundland. Let us again do honor to our "sister province by the sea," with the heroic story of the defence of Kars, in the Crimean War (1853-55) by Major-General Sir William Fenwick Williams, another eminent son of Nova Scotia a century ago.

The gallant subject of this Memoir was born in Annapolis, Nova Scotia. He entered the Royal Artillery, with military instruction at Woolwich. It was in this Royal Artillery that his father before him had attained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

Commenting on the emminent services of Nova Scotian warriors a century ago, the **Illustrated London News** of April 8, 1858 says:—

> "Nova Scotia is justly proud of having contributed from a population of 300,000 several illustrious names in the role of national heroes. Chief among the sons whom she delights to honour may be mentioned Major-General Sir John Inglis and his gallant uncle General Cochran; Sir W. F. Williams of Kars. Major Wilsford, who led the assault and was the first to fall in the Redan at the capture of Sebastopol and Captain Parker who fell on the same occasion."
>
> "The English Government, with a view to strengthening the Turkish cause in Asia, had determined to send a British Military Commissioner to advise and uphold the Turkish commanders at Erzeroum and Kars. They selected for this mission Colonel Williams, who, as an officer of engineers, had been many years engaged in marking out the boundary between the Turkish and Persian Empires, and who, in that difficult and laborious service had acquired an intimate knowledge of the Asiatic provinces and tribes."

These provinces too, were always, as even now in 1961, a vital link connecting England with her strategic interests in the Far East. The power that cut that lifeline at Kars and vicinity robbed the Empire of something more than mere territory in square miles. It is as Colonel Lake in his:—**"Kars and our captivity in Russia, 1856"**, says:

> "Kars, the important fortress, which has so long justly been considered the key to Asia Minor in any contest between the Muscovite and the Turk."

Now the war with Russia afforded Lord Clarendon the opportunity to test Colonel Williams' talents in a new sphere by nominating him her Britannic Majesty's Military Commissioner to the Turkish forces at Kars with the rank and retinue of Brigadier-General.

Brigadier-General Williams found himself suddenly plunged into the midst of a defeated and utterly demoralized army, governed by Pashas equally incompetent and corrupt. Colonel Lake puts it somewhat to verse the admiration for Williams by the Turks; and as put to him by them, thus :—

Sheike Shamie to General Sir Fenwick Williams:—

> "In the name of God the merciful and clement. From the slave of God, Shemonil, to the illustrious and honourable, Col. Williams, Commissioner in the army of Anatolia, Imperishable may his eminence and dignity lie."

It was late in September, 1854, that Brigadier-General Williams entered Kars, accompanied by Captain

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WHEN NOVA SCOTIA HELPED SAVE THE EMPIRE

(Continued)

Teesdale and Dr. Sandwich. It may not be out of place here to remark that, according to Prowse, in his "History of Newfoundland," Captain Teesdale accompanied the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) on his visit to Newfoundland just a century ago.

Once in Kars Colonel Williams set to work to organize for defence against the Russian army now marching on Kars under their General Mouravieff. He brought to light numberless military abuses at Kars, personally inspected the camp-kitchens, visiting the hospitals, and set up more comfortable winter-quarters for the troops.

As Walter Richards in "Her Majesty's Army" said many years ago, "any account would be manifestly faulty which did not mention the defence of Kars by Fenwick Williams of Kars."

Early in 1855 General Williams had ceased to be called "Colonel" when the Turkish Government had conferred upon him the dignity of FERIK or General. As spring advanced the attention of General Williams became seriously directed to the state of the Turkish army now confronted with the Russians. But Captain Teesdale was at Kars reforming the army.

The Russian army began to move towards Kars in June. The army of General Williams amounted to only seventeen thousand men, of all arms, with forty-two guns. The Russians had twenty-eight thousand infantry, 7,500 cavalry and 64 pieces of artillery. Referring to these figures Col. Lake says "I believe the Russians had altogether 30,000 troops engaged, the flower of the Caucasian army."

The defenders' time for real preparation against the enemy was short indeed, as the 16th of June witnessed the arrival of the Russians before Kars. General Williams soon became the life and soul of the defensive army. The Turkish soldiers see him everywhere; he is with the sentries at a menaced point; he is tasting the soldiers soup and examining the bread.

Late in September the Russians are seen advancing up the valley in dense masses. The correspondent for the **Illustrated London News**—(Nov. 17, 1855) says:

> "Our troops were in a moment under arms and at their posts. In a few minutes the whole visible force of the Russians charged up the hill with loud cries; they were received with a terrific fire of grape and musketry."

(See photos here of the Russian General and General Williams).

The Russian army, strengthened to more than 30,000 men with an immense pack of artillery, by a flank-march, reached a position a few miles south of Kars. Williams saw that he would have to fight with the spade to throw up strong earthworks and struggle until every mouthful of food was gone. He was now the moral support of the whole population of Kars as well as the garrison.

When in September he found that the few horses left must inevitably be starved to death if they remained longer in the town, he resolved to give the cavalry a chance of escaping. He collected his scattered irregular horsemen, gave a good feed to the horses and sent them out of the fort in the middle of a dark night. The majority cut their way through the enemy's lines.

The Russians were soon actively employed cutting off the supplies meant for Kars, and watching that fortress with the utmost vigilance. Soon they resolved to make a desperate attempt to capture Kars by storm. Their council of War unanimously resolved that the heights which commanded Kars should be attacked.

The magnificent defence on the memorial day of September 29th, is one of the noblest records of War of which history can boast. Decimated by famine and disease, the garrison victoriously repulsed the attack. In reporting briefly in this the **Illustrated London News** on Nov. 10—1855 said:

> "After a desperate combat, which lasted several hours, the Russians were compelled to give way. It could not be even said that they made a retreat, for they retired in complete disorder."

A correspondent for the **London Times,** Mr. W. H. Russell in his "Complete History of the Russian War." has put this Russian defeat before Kars thus:

> "The Russians advanced to the assault—but were met by a sudden slaughterous fire from the parapets—that threw them into confusion and compelled them to fall back—again, however, they pushed forward and again they were driven off."
>
> "Mouravieff now changed his plan of attack and decided by a single bold effort to force his way into

General Mouravieff, the Captor of Kars
—from a photograph by Weingartner.

WHEN NOVA SCOTIA HELPED SAVE THE EMPIRE

(Continued)

the city. He concentrated his troops around the main entrance in the face of a galling fire from the besieged. His cannon thundered furiously at the gate, which for a time endured the assault, but finally suddenly gave way, when, as if they had only been waiting for such an event, the Turks and English unexpectedly rushed out in a steady compact mass and hastily forming into columns fiercely charged the besiegers."

" For a few minutes the Russians were in confusion, but the skill, coolness and steady courage of Mouravieff were equal to the emergency. Hurriedly giving his orders, he dashed forward, at full gallop in the face of the enemy, calling, with a ringing shout, on his men to follow. The examples of their General was electric. With a wild huzza the Russians bore down as one man . . . ".

"The two armies met with a staggering shock, but recovered. By a happy combination of incidents at this juncture the opposing Generals each succeeded in calling off his troops. Mouravieff recaptured his guns and opened them upon the Turks, who

The birthplace of Major General Sir J. E. W. Inglis, K.C.B. "The Hero of Lucknow."

however, under the masterly guidance of their brave leader, General Williams, could neither be decoyed nor driven from their position near the gate."

"Meanwhile the embrasures in the walls poured forth, upon the left flank of the Russians a raking fire. Calling at length to his men from the walls and city, and making his dispositions to conform to his plan, General Williams rushed forward, with the determination to bring the action to a close by risking all upon a single charge. The expedient was successful. The Russians, whose thinned ranks rendered them unable to sustain themselves, turned and were soon in full flight, leaving behind them a great quantity of stores. The action was one of the fiercest in modern history."

But though whipped, General Mouravieff was not inclined to consider himself defeated. He gave his troops a few days rest, sent off for reinforcements, and then returned to Kars, which he surrounded, and then sitting down calmly determined to starve the city into submission.

Shut up from communication with the surrounding country, there was but one prospect before the inhabitants—famine. Weeks passed by, and the provisions were all consumed. The people had now no resources in Kars except their horses, these disappeared, then their dogs, then their cats.

The **"Illustrated London News"** in its **"History of the War against Russia"**, said on April 5, 1856:

"It was on the 28th November that General Williams at last surrendered the stubborn Armenian fortress. The heroic garrison had long been macerated by the failure of rations and by disease. Even their ammunition was expended. In another assault on the day of their surrender they would have had no means of firing half a dozen rounds from their guns, and they were completely past the power of personal resistance . . . "

"Under such circumstances it was that General Williams rode out with a flag of truce and told Prince Mouravieff that he would surrender Kars provided all the courtesies and honours of war were conceded to the garrison. Mouravieff listened with attention to General Williams who threatened, if various stipulations were not granted, to burst every gun and destroy every millitary trophy still extant in Kars.

"The Russian chief replied . . . that he was proud as an enemy to testify that General Williams and those under him had immortalized themselves."

There was no merit in longer holding out. He capitulated and Kars was in the hands of the Russians. As the latter entered the city they were struck with pity at the pale, ghastly, appearance of their late foes, who were drawn up in lines, in the great square to receive them. The Russians were moved to compassion. They broke from the ranks and rushing forward offered them their canteens.

At once Mouravieff said he had no wish to wreak unworthy vengeance on a gallant and long-suffering army, who had covered itself with glory, and only yielded to famine. "They must be splendid troops" he said, "who can stand to their arms in this severe climate on food such as this—a lump of bread and a handful of roots" (cited by Col. Lake and Nolan).

General Williams and his aide-de-camp rode over to the Russian camp and the terms of capitulation was honourable to all. The Russian General ordered a repast to be given to the famished garrison, and when the English officers were about to give up their swords, the brave old Russian, with chivalrous courtesy bade them keep them, observing that they well became men of such heroic bravery, ,such gallant officers and gentlemen (cited in **Illustrated London News**, May 3, 1856).

Nolan, citing the speech by General Mouravieff, quotes the Russian thus:

"Williams, you have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army. Let us arrange a capitulation that will satisfy the demands of war without outraging humanity."

The capitulation completed, the regular troops were to march out with colours flying and bands playing.

The officers were to retain their swords. General Williams and his whole staff, with two Turkish officers, went over to dine with General Mouravieff and his staff.

Commenting on the surrender a correspondent on the spot says:

> "The famine appears to have been very severe before General Williams resolved to capitulate. One account states that a hundred men a day were dying of hunger and privation and that an English officer gave twenty-six shillings for a rat. The little meat that remained of the slaughtered beasts of burden was reserved for the hospitals . . . according to all the news (still scanty) that we have yet received, the Russians appear to have behaved well, and even generously. Surgeons, medicines, and other requisites were immediately supplied to the Turkish hospitals." **(Illustrated London News.** Jan. 5, 1856).

The captured army was then sent to Triflis which it reached on the 8th Dec. 1855, an eye-witness records their reception at the end of their journey. It is Col. Lake who says:

> "I never before witnessed curiosity so general and eager . . .the multitude had assembled to have a good look at the English prisoners. The Governor of Tiflis received us with kindness saying what pleasure it gave him to meet officers who had conducted so gallant a defence as that of Kars. The aged priest insisted on proposing a toast and in a speech in Russian proposed the health of Alex. Emperor of all the Russians, and Victoria, Queen of England, amid loud and enthusiastic cheers."

The officers including General Williams were, as was said in February 1856, sent into Russia. The **Illustrated London News,** note on Feb. 2nd:

> "He, and his staff enjoy the most robust health and continue to receive from the Russian authorities every mark of attention and courtesy. By the last steamer from Constantinople we learn that General Williams has been sent off to Moscow, where he will remain a prisoner."

The loss of Kars was not permanent for at the peace "Russia restored Kars to Turkey, and in exchange received back Sebastopol, Balaclava, etc., etc." **(Ill. London News,** May 3, 1856.)

It was the return of General Williams to England that made him not only a hero in England, but awards, rewards and honours also in Canada. His aides also were duly honoured. As I have said Captain Teesdale accompanied the Prince of Wales to Newfoundland in 1860. Dr. Sanwich "one of the heroes of Kars appointed medical attache to the deputation to Moscow on the occasion of the coronation of the New Emperor of all the Russias, Alexander II" **(Ill. London News,** June 7 and July 26, 1856).

The country soon felt it had some undue fears of Russia at this time, Good feeling returned and we read in **"The Epitoime of News"** for 1856 that.

> "Sir Robert Peel, M.P. is about to leave town, accompanied by Lady Peel, for St. Petersburg, in order to attend at the coronation . . . at Moscow" **(Ill. London News,** July 26, 1856).

On his return from captivity General Williams landed at Dover with Col. Lake "who served so nobly by the side of Williams at Kars," and the whole party were received by the Mayor and the Corporation **(Ill. London News,** June 28, 1856.

His native province of Nova Scotia saw him later its governorship. When the towering monument was set up for General Isaac Brock the great hero of the War of 1812, and who fell at the head of his men at Queenstown Heights in 1812 we read:—

> "Men of high military renown, including General Sir W. Fenwick Williams, Commander of the Forces, the hero of Kars, were assembled to do honour to the memory of the gallant and lamented Brock."

It is certainly not out of place here to remark that Newfoundland ought also to know of the gallant Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, for a detachment of Newfoundland's own regiment, under Captain Mockler, was with Brock at the capture of Detroit in 1812, and also in a dispatch Brock was also able to say: "the flank company of the Newfoundland Regiment have joined me" (see my articles in Newfoundland Quarterly on War of 1812).

With the Prince of Wales in Canada in 1860 we can also read:

> "The Royal party proceeded to the house of General Williams . . . where they all lunched. The Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle and General Williams, took their seats in a large bark canoe." **(Ill. London News,** Oct. 13, 1860).

But before all this the British Government and people received General Williams with acclamation. The Queen conferred upon him a baronetcy by the title of Sir W. F. Williams of Kars. In the House of Lords, Earl Granville pronounced an eulogy upon the General and his staff. The House of Commons granted him an annuity of one thousand pounds for life. He was appointed Governor of Woolwich Arsenal.

On an early visit to Woolwich on his return, and where he received his military training, we read:

> "The General was continuously interrupted by the bravos and cheering of the assembled multitude who crowded the street. Nothing could exceed the cordiality with which the General was greeted **(Ill. London News,** July 12, 1856).

At Birmingham's "Royal Ship Hotel" he was presented by the corporation with an address of congratulations. On arriving in London he was received by the United Service Club of which he had been a member for many years. He was later present at Her Majesty's State Ball at Buckingham Palace. At the Investiture held at Buckingham Palace he received the honour of Knighthood of the Bath for his bravery at Kars. He later laid the foundation stone of the memorial aisle of the new school Chapel at Harrow to commemorate the Harrow officers who fell in the Crimea. The Queen ordered that the General "sit for a full-length painting" in the dress worn by the gallant General at Kars **(Iss. London News,** July 5, 1856).

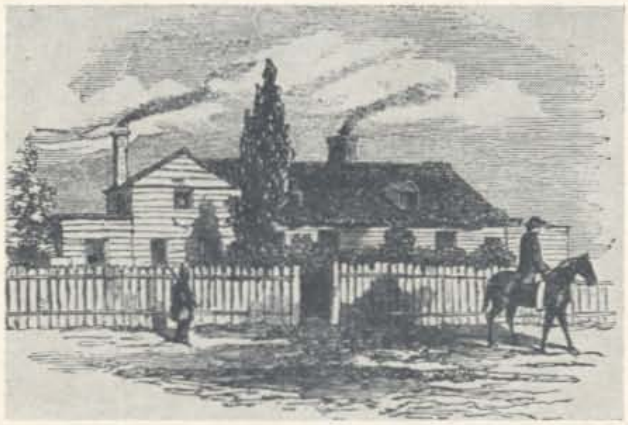
At the army and navy club in London he refers proudly to his "three-and-twenty years in foreign service" (Ibid). At Harrow he notes "that he hoped he should not be doing wrong in bringing with me some of the men of Kars."

The members of the Reform Club gave a grand banquet in honour of the hero of Kars and the main entrances to the club carried "Kars conspicuously exhibited in gas lighting" (Ibid, July 19, 1956).

Even while General Williams was a prisoner in Russia it was said:

> "Rarely has history presented to our notice the parallel fact of a General more honoured in the circumstances attending his defeat than it falls to the lot of most men to be in the achievement of the most complete success. Whatever human skill and forethought left to its own resources, could plan—whatever the highest order of moral courage and of physical endurance could achieve—it will be readily granted to General Williams and his heroic garrison of Kars. (Turkish, Polish, Hungarian as well as British) that in each and all of those qualities they were and pre-eminently distinguished" **(Ill. London News,** Feb. 2—1956).

Col. Lake, on the spot, says "No praise of mine, however sincere, can add to the estimation in which his genius must be held wherever the feats of British arms are recorded."



The birthplace of Major General Sir F. W. Williams, Bart., K.C.B. — "The Hero of Kars"

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Special Note!

An overdue word of sincere thanks is due from me to Captain Harold Pearcey of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment for showing on T.V. some extracts from my book on: **"The Role of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment in the Battle of Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813."** One writing me says: I called Capt. Pearcey to tell him how much we enjoyed his interview. He said your book is the only Memorial at all to them—the R. N. Regiment.

The Postman Knocks....

Robert Penny Newhook

Sir—In his article on Harbour Grace in the Quarterly issue for Autumn 1957, Page 24, the late W. A. Munn gives the name of the builder of the barque "Queen," as Charles Newhook.

This is an error. The master builder for this vessel was Robert Penny Newhook. He was the eldest child of Charles Newhook (the second) and his second wife, nee Martha Penny, of Carbonear. He was born at his parents' home, New Harbour, T.B., and baptised there in July 1823, when two years old.

There is a reproduction of a painting of this vessel on page 28 of Chafe's "Sealing Book," showing the artist's original inscription which reads as follows: "Barque QUEEN, 240 ton, Built New Harbour, Trinity Bay, 18.... Robert P. Newhook, Master Builder." I have often seen the original painting and its inscription in Mr. Munn's offices in the Board of Trade Building, St. John's. The late Captain John P. Horwood similarly states, in his article on page 270 of volume one of The Book of Newfoundland, that Robert Newhook was her master builder, and gives 1855 as the date of her launching.

About 1860, one of the Legislative Council's Journals prints a list of vessels built on which Government bounty was paid. Included is a vessel at Bay Roberts, with Robert P. Newhook as the master builder. This man was one of the third successive generations of sons-by-fathers trained shipbuilders in the Newhook family of Trinity Bay and Green Bay, which is the greatest family of shipbuilders in the history of Newfoundland.

N. C. CREWE.

St. John's,
14 September, 1961.

John Cabot's Landfall

Sir—My heartiest congratulations on your most interesting Quarterly—Summer Edition. Kindly tell Dr. Saunders I am very enthusiastic about his research on "The Greenspond Saga" and "When Newfoundland Helped Save Canada"." It is a classic.

Today, July 26, 1961 I got word from Dr. David D. True of Florida on his recent work on the "Axis" of the Juan de la Cosa map—which is the definite claim to Newfoundland's landfall by John Cabot. The modern interpretation of the Juan de la Cosa map put the axis as the area representing Cape Race to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Now Dr. True and Dr. Skelton, Secretary of the Hakluyt Society of London, with John Day's letter have decided that the correct axis is from Cape Race to Hamilton Inlet; it is fixed by two points San Marco (Italian for St. Mark) Luizia (Italian for Abbe Frey Luis) the Augustinian who was with John Cabot on one of his voyages. This means that new history is now being written and decided upon—that John Cabot's early voyages—from 1491 to 1496 are not being clarified. Today, Dr. True tells me Dr. Skelton, a world authority on maps, will be forced to agree with Dr. True. This, then, will eventually correct Dr. Layng's views, who accepts the Cape Race—Gulf of St. Lawrence axis. When I get a final decision on this matter I will write you.

(Dr.) L. J. Jackman, Montreal.

"Capital of the North"

Sir—Please find enclosed my subscription to the Quarterly which I have enjoyed through the generosity of a Toronto friend for the past several years.

I would like to compliment Dr. Robert Saunders for his informative and well-documented Saga on Greenspond. Indeed he sets the pattern for similar monographs on other communities in "Britain's Oldest Colony."

For my part I should like someone to put together and recount the annals of Newfoundland's "Capital of the North," Twillingate, known to oldtimers as "Toulinguet." Prowse's map as late as 1895 uses this name. My guess is that it was named by French settlers after a point of land on the N. W. coast of Brittany, across the English Channel about 200 miles from Poole. It is also of interest to note that the famous opera singer, Georgina Sterling of Twillingate, attached the word "Toulinquet" to her name.

My great-grandfather, Edward Britt, is supposed to have come from Poole, England, when a young man, and settled at Twillingate which is also my own birthplace. He was born 1804 and died April 7, 1870, and is buried in St. Peter's C. E. cemetery, Northside, Twillingate. Two other young men, named Rossiter and Luther, followed and lived with him till of age. In tracing the birthplace of of my forebear in England I have reached an impasse.

In this connection I am greatly interested in the trade that was carried on between Poole and Twillingate about this period for it is more than likely that Edward Britt, as did many others, must have come over on one of those ships. P. Toque in 1877 reports that J. Slade and Co., Cox and Slade, among others, were the principal merchants in Twillingate about that time. Trade between that place and Poole was at its height about 1813. John Slade, who died 1792, had close relationships with Poole. In 1845 when Bishop Feild consecrated St. Peter's church, a R. Slade presented the church with a communion set.

In a personal letter to me from Mr. Tom G. W. Ashbourne, M.P. some years ago, he tells me that he has in his possession a piece of pine clapboard taken from a building erected before the year 1800. Mr. Ashbourne's father bought their Upper Trade from Henry J. Earle about 1912. Mr. Earle in turn purchased the business of John W. Owen (died 1905). It is my understanding that Owen had brought the business of Slade and Co., or perhaps Cox and Slade, before that. In short the story of many of the immigrants ot Twillingate must be tied up with the history of those early shipping firms.

It may be there are others than myself interested in their genealogy and a Twillingate saga.

REV. ARTHUR F. BRETT,

Second Presbyterian Church,
Lockport, New York.

Log Raft Built at Lomond, Newfoundland

By W. L. CHIRQWIN

THE British Isles has always been dependent upon the import of lumber, Softwood from Canada, Newfoundland, and the Scandanavian Countries, hardwood from the Tropics.

Prior to World War I sailing vessels carried practically all the lumber, but in 1914 when the enemy surrounded the Island with submarines the sailing vessel was no match for the attacker. Deep sea steamers could not be spared for the lumber trade, as submarines and mines were taking very heavy tolls of the shipping as they approached the Island.

All available coastal steamers as well as steam fishing trawlers were commandeered for mine sweeping the North Sea and the coastal area of the Island, all the deep sea steamers were needed to keep the supplies coming for the use of the Navy Army and the inhabitants. Many steamers were compelled to carry deck loads of lumber from this side of the Atlantic for the troops in the trenches in France. The trenches were a regular quagmire.

The loss of bottoms had become so great by the middle of 1915 that the British authorities realized other means would have to be used to get pit timber for the coal mines. Fifty and more years ago coal was as essential to the life of the country as food. The Royal Navy and Merchant Fleet used coal almost entirely. It is different now.

By early 1916 the Scandanavian Countries were sending rafts of logs across the North Sea under tow. These rafts arrived at many ports on the east coast, Hull was one of the main ports, being situated so close to the coal mines in the North of England. Later in the year it was evident that more timber would be needed, advertisements appeared in the Canadian and Nwfoundland papers requesting enquiries re the shipping of rafts of logs to the United Kingdom.

Ivan Bayley of North Sydney, a regular enthusiastic promoter, saw the ad. He communicated with the address given for further particulars, and eventually an order from a combination of collieries in England was received, the amount was 7000 cords (32000 cubic tons of timber). The raft had to be built in the shape of a cigar and capable of carrying 4000 tons of freight in the centre of the raft and propelled by an oil marine engine. It would carry a 6 inch gun, and have the necessary accommodation for Captain and Crew. The logs could be any length but not less than 5 inches in diameter and eight feet long, the bark to be left on.

Mr. Bayley drew up plans to comply with the requirements and patented his blueprints under the name of "Bayley Marine Freight Transport." His Attorney was M. H. Lockwood. During this period of organization he was busy locating a good timber area. The location had to be considered so as to include a good sheltered spot as well as a most convenient proximity to the raft. At the same time he got in touch with "The Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., New York, U.S.A. for a 250 horsepower marine engine. "The Speedway" Gas Engine was the choice and delivery price was quoted.

In the correspondence a Mr. Ross was mentioned as having had personal interviews with the Gas Engine Co.

Before Mr. Bayley was able to obtain financial backing word was received from England, to make the log raft solid, eliminating cargo and engine space, and to notify the miners representatives when the raft was ready for sea. The represntatives would then arrange for a seagoing tug to tow it to England. Although the destination is not mentioned it was natural to assume it would be Cardiff, Wales, as this is a good central port for transportation of the lumber to Wales and England.

Some changes had to be made in the plans to comply with the order for a solid raft, by early 1917 Mr. Bayley had formed a Company, mostly from North Sydney, it was named and registered "The Globe Timber and Transportation Co."

Several men from North Sydney including Peter Jobe and two other blacksmiths went with him to Newfoundland. The area chosen to build the raft was at Trout River, Lomond, Bonne Bay.

The first order called for 7,000 cords of timber but the change in the plans made it possible for 100 cords more. The total number of logs in the raft was close to a million. The raft was woven and interwoven with 3/8", 1/2" and 5/8" round iron rods all welded together. The perpendicular, longitudinal and transverse rods were five feet apart, total weight of the iron rods used was twenty

LOG RAFT (Continued)

tons, the steel rope and iron chain fastenings around the finished job were additional.

It took about five months to build the raft and prepare it for its journey across the Atlantic. The lumbermen starting felling the trees in March 1917, the logs were floated down the river to the shore, and with the help of several fishing craft in the harbour the logs were towed to the raft.

There were about forty men employed in the building, mostly from around Lomond. The names of some are as follows:—

William Nicholl
Thomas Waters
Albert and Jacob Payne
George Mitchell
Peter Jobe (North Sydney)
William & Henry Lang
Henry Neil
James Reid
Solomon & Seamore Hiscock
John & George Cretch

Jacob Major of Lomond informed me that he believed the names of some North Sydney men were McGregor, Mann, MacQueen and Wallace.

When completed the raft was floated and anchored in the Bay. The representatives for the Mines in England were notified and a Dutch deep sea tug the "Leburdee" was chartered for the tow.

In the spring of 1918 the tug started out of Bonne Bay in beautiful weather with her tow. However a severe storm came up when they were just twenty miles off Cape Anguille, near Cape Ray, on the west coast of Newfoundland. The raft was taking an awful beating, finally the after end loosened and the logs began to break away. The tug proceeded with the foreward half and made North Sydney, anchoring off the North Sydney Marine Railway for repairs, the shipwrights from the yard got busy and secured the job in a week. The tug once more started for England with her tow, and the last word received was, "Alls well," when they were off the South Coast of Newfoundland. Here the book closes, as there is no further word.

I have been in touch with the tug company in Holland, but unfortunately all their records were destroyed a few years ago when the main dyke broke during a severe storm in the North Sea and a large part of the country was flooded.

The raft contained all sorts of timber, hemlock, spruce, oak, pine, maple, juniper.

Mr. Jeans of Lomond stated in his letter to me that the log raft was well and strongly built, it had 12" x 12" strongbacks horizontal and longtitudinal built from the keel to the deck, and when built all cables, chains and rods were tightened with turnbuckles.

The possible cause of the raft loosening and coming apart was because the logs were ordered rafted with the bark left on, which became soggy and as the raft chafed in the storm a great deal of the bark was rubbed off. This naturally loosened the steel ropes and chains resulting in the unfortunate damage to the raft on its first leg of her long journey.

The raft was nearly a submarine as only one fifth of her was above water, she had a flag pole which flew the flag by day and carried towing lights by night.

Many in Newfoundland besides the R.C.M.P. there, made it possible for me to get detailed accounts of the history of the log raft, to whom I am gratefully indebted and especially to Mr. Douglas Matheson, North Sydney, nephew of the late Mr. Ivan Bayley who loaned me the original photos of the building of the raft.

Prints of these photographs as well as this record is now in St. John's, Newfoundland Museum by request of the Archivist and also in the Xavier Junior College Library in Sydney for safekeeping.

The Sands of Death

By LEO E. F. ENGLISH, O.B.E.

There's a stretch of sand at Northern Bay, where the crescent surfline moans,
It breaks at night in spectral light, and mournful monotones.
And the lonely sands lie cold and grey with the grist of dead men's bones.

One autumn night we harboured near when wind was piping loud;
A gibbous moon had gone to hide in a grove of sable cloud,
And night grew dark as the pits of hell and damp as a coffined shroud.

I sat in the skiff with Skipper Dick to wait the dawn of day,
As wind died down came a wild weird shriek from the murk of the inner bay;
I answered then, and it came again scarce a cable's length away.

The skipper fiercely grasped my arm, my impulse to restrain;
"'Tis a dead man's voice, for God's sake, boy, don't mock a soul in pain."
"We'll get out of here or I greatly fear we'll be caught in a hurricane.

Quickly we left that ghostly place as broke the crimson dawn;
The sun came up in smouldering fire — like a demon eye it shone —
We were none too soon, by that very noon a hurricane was on.

This is a tale of the Sands of Death and the voice of mystery;
A legend held by the Northern folk who dwell by the Northern sea,
And what his great grandsire told him, stout Skipper Dick told me.

'Twas seventeen and seventy-five, in the month of August, late,
Full forty ships had gathered there from fruitless search for bait;
Some came from the ports of Avalon and some from Dover Strait.

For three long weeks a deathlike calm hung over shore and bay;
The sun blazed through a cloudless sky blue without breeze to allay;
Not e'en the cooling breath that comes at the close of a summer day.

Ungodly men, and swearers then, no grog their cares to drown,
The sailors cursed their evil luck with dark malignant frown;
They longed for the life of a gay saloon and the lure of a siren town.

No prayer they said, but dared their God in language most profane —
Let it blow the sheaves from the strongest blocks and bend the spars in twain —
Send it so no man could hold a knife against its mighty strain.

Squid came at last, more plentiful than known before —
They clung to boats and ships and chains, they clung to each dripping oar;
And spat black juice in each seaman's face as the seamen jigged and swore.

As darkness fell an awful storm in from the open sea,
A tidal wave of twenty feet rolled on the shore to lee,
And ships and men were hurled to doom in dread catastrophe.

When calm and purple morning shone on strand and green hillside,
Wrecked ships and mangled dead lay piled at line of highest tide,
In mad maelstrom of swirling sand three hundred seamen died.

Down through the years when ground swells roll to thunder on the strand —
Grim relics of that night of storm are seen amid the sand —
And once I found protruding there a fleshless human hand.

On darkest nights that eerie voice sounds from the inner bay,
The cry of men who dared their God, and fisher legends say:
They are doomed to wait and warn of storm until the Judgement Day.

Still on the sands of Northern Bay the crescent surfline moans
And breaks at night in eerie light and mournful monotones,
Where the lonely sands lie cold and grey with grist of dead men's bones.

KNOW YOUR

HON. JAMES R. CHALKER, M.H.A.

Minister of Public Works

CHALKER, HON. JAMES RONALD, M.H.A. (St. Barbe District), Born October 12, 1912 at St. John's, Nfld., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chaulker, both British. Educated at Bishop Feild College, St. John's, Nfld., St. Andrew's College, Aurora Ontario. Married Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs George Butt of Bay Roberts, October 5, 1937. Three children: Richard George, Jill Margaret, Timothy James. Before entering politics, was Managing Director of Chalker & Co. Ltd. First elected to Newfoundland House of Assembly 1949. Appointed Minister of Health, 1949, Minister of Education 1951, Re-elected 1951, 1956-1959. Appointed Minister of Economic Development, 1956, Minister of Public Works, 1957. Clubs: Masonic, Elks, Bally Haly Golf, City Club and Laurier Club. Recreations: Yachting, fishing, shooting, Liberal. Church of England. Residence: 101 Forest Road, St. John's, Nfld.

HON. BEATON J. ABBOT, M.H.A.

Minister of Municipal Affairs and Supply

ABBOTT, BEATON J.—Minister of Municipal Affairs and Supply, Newfoundland Government. Born at Musgrave Harbour on April 21st, 1903, son of Samson and Ellen Abbott. Educated Musgrave Harbour High School and Methodist College, St. John's; three years law at La Salle. Married. Children: Audrey (Mrs. Geo. Powell) and Edward Carl (M.D.) School teacher for thirteen years, District Magistrate for 21 years. Resigned, entered Smallwood Cabinet with portfolio of Public Welfare July 2nd, 1956. Won District of Gander in general election October, 1956. Became Minister of Municipal Affairs and Supply in May, 1957. Societies: A.F. & A.M., L.O.A. and B.O. Elks. Religion United Church. Recreation: fishing and gardening. Residence: 121 Rennie's Mill Road, St. John's.

LAW MAKERS

HON. JOHN T. CHEESEMAN, M.H.A.

Minister of Fisheries

CHEESEMAN, HON. JOHN T., M.H.A. (Burgeo-LaPoile), Born August 9, 1892, at Port au Bras, Newfoundland, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Cheeseman, both British. Educated Port Au Bras Elementary School, Bishop Feild College, St. John's, Nfld. Married Mona, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs John Ludlow, Tilt Cove, Nfld., has two sons. Past Grand Master Society of United Fishermen, Member, Bally Hally Golf Club. First elected to Newfoundland House of Assembly 1949. Appointed Minister of Fisheries 1956. Church of England. Residence: 12 Elm Place, St. John's, Nfld.

HON. MYLES P. MURRAY, M.H.A.

Minister of Provincial Affairs and Solicitor General

MURRY, HON. MYLES P., M.H.A., Q.C., Miniser of Provincial Affairs and Solicitor General of the Government of Newfoundland. Born at Murray's Pond, Portugal Cove Road, October, 1906, the son of Michael and Mary Murry. Educated at St. Bonaventure's College and the Memorial University College. Studied law in the office of the late W. R. Howley, Q. C., and the late J. O'N. Conroy; called to the Bar of Newfoundland, 1930 and practised law at St. John's. During the Second World War, Mr. Murray servtd in the 59th Regiment of Heavy Artillery later transferred to the Royal Air Force and served as Intelligence Officer and subsequently as Adjutant of the 125th Newfoundland Squadron; discharged at the end of the War with the rank of Flight Lieutenant. Was member of the staff of the Department of Justice from 1945 until he was elected into the House of Assembly for the District of Ferryland in 1952; appointed Minister of Provincial Affairs the same year. Married in 1941 to Miss Doreen Whitaker of England. Children: Neil and Alistair. Mr. Murray has been very prominent in Canadian Legion affairs; he is a Past President of the Provincial Command and is at present a member of the Dominion Council; he is a member of the following clubs: Murray's Pond, The Crow's Nest, and the Laurier Club. Politics: Liberal. Religion: Roman Catholic. Residence: Murray's Pond, St. John's.

Holiday Reminiscences

By MRS. ALEX MARSHALL

Part II

—A morning walk through the beautiful countryside.

—A motor boat trip with Mr. Lethbridge.

—A trip to the Post-Office.

—A delicious rabbit dinner.

The delightful experiences of a summer vacation spent by two friends in Goose Bay, Bonavista Bay, some thirty years ago.

THE next morning when we awoke, the sun was shining brightly; it was still a little cold, but the air was fresh and invigorating. We just lay still a while listening to the silence, which was so restful and quiet, and not a sound was to be heard save the occasional "rat-tat-tat" of the motor-boats, as they crossed the arm. A more peaceful spot it would be hard to find.

Marion suggested that, as it was such a lovely morning, we should write some letters home, and then walk around the arm and post them at the station, which was on the other side. We hurried and dressed and made in the fire, and while we were sitting at breakfast in the kitchen, a gentleman, namely Mr. George Pye, called to see us. He was a pleasant looking man with twinkling eyes; he said he had heard that we would like some help about the house, and that he had a little girl Florrie who would be pleased to come and do what she could. We thanked him and explained that we had only wanted someone the evening before for an hour or so, and as we were only there for a few days we intended to make a picnic of our visit and would do very little housekeeping.

After we had finished breakfast and were writing notes to send home, Florrie came to offer her services. She was a bright little girl, about fifteen years of age. I asked her in, and she sat on the lounge while we chatted to her and asked numerous questions concerning the place, its churches, schools, etc. Marion was especially anxious to know all about the roads, as she was determined to walk in every direction. We found out that it was four miles to Portland, six to Jamestown, ten to Southern Bay, twelve or so to Random, and five miles from the bungalow around Goose Head, through Kitchener Avenue, and back to the bungalow again. I really think she purposed in her heart to reach all these places on foot, and if her flesh had been equal in strength to her spirit, she would have done so, even if it had to be accomplished in one week.

After Florrie had gone we paid a little visit to our old lady, who was very much surprised because we were going to walk to the station and back again.

"Why, my dears," she exclaimed, "that is four mile, over and back, and the train comes in at half-past eleven, I'm afraid your letters won't go to-day."

We told her we hoped to get there in time, and even if we did not we would enjoy the lovely tramp; so waving a good-bye to her, we started on our first walk in Brooklyn.

What a morning it was! Sunny and bright yet cold enough to make one walk with a spring. The air was sweet and keen, the sky blue, and flecked with fleecy white clouds from the North-West. The road stretched along the shore of the arm for a short distance, and then took a turn through the woods, and again wound around the head of the arm, close to the water. Here we had to stop to listen to the bird-calls in the trees all around us, and to admire the landscape, the beauty of which it is hard to describe. The water of the arm was so calm that the blue and white of the sky was reflected as in a mirror; a wooded hill rose almost perpendicular from the water, which was covered with thousands of herbs and over-hanging trees, the roots of which twined themselves around the rocks. The road continued along the lower part of the cliff, and rose in a gradual ascent; it was made safer for pedestrians by a hand-railing along the water-side of it. At the top of the hill, anyone with the smallest bit of asthetic taste would be forced to pause, for here the arm with all its beauty lay in full view before us. In the distance we could see some of the little settlements that were situated on its shore; all around us were groves of trees, spruce, tamarak and birch, broken here and there by clearings, where showed bright patches of green. To the left, and half hidden by intervening foliage, was a picturesque old lumber-mill built where a river ran into the arm. Altogether it was a beautiful picture, and suggestive of great peace, making one wish to linger.

The road now followed the mill-creek for a short distance, and then became a grass-grown velvety path through the woods. Golden-rod, bluebells, bright scarlet cracker berries, and many other wild flowers grew in profusion at the sides of the road; also ripe raspberries and blueberries showed temptingly between the trees. All these things made it hard to proceed, and I was continually stopping to gather one or the other, and then running to catch up to Marion, who had made up her mind to reach the station before the train came in, and would not allow herself to be delayed by all the alluring temptations of the roadside.

On the way home, however, she was rewarded for her steadfastness, for as we were standing on a bridge looking at the water rushing underneath, she spied down among the ferns a beautiful wild flower, a species that she had never seen before. Needless to say, the little flower was secured, and tenderly carried

HOLIDAY REMINISCENCES (Continued)

to the bungalow. We reached the station before the train came in, so our letters were posted in time.

Then we arranged with Mr. Lethbridge to call for us the next morning if fine and take us motor-boating on the arms. The agreement was that when we were ready to start, we were to signal to him by hoisting a white flag on the little wharf near our bungalow, and he would come at once. Such was the custom, and it was certainly convenient. We enjoyed the walk home, but needless to say, were a bit tired when we reachced the house, and quite ready for dinner.

What an accommodating article of diet is ham! Again in an amazingly short time did we place it hot and sizzling on our plates, together with some of Mrs. Hancock's floury new potatoes. Never should I attempt to picnic for any length of time without it, and although we could not quite sing with the college students,

Ham for breakfast,
Ham for dinner,
Ham for supper,
Ham!.....

still many a time did it sustain us when we arrived home too late to prepare anything else. As long as I live I think the appetizing smell of ham frying will carry my thoughts back to the dear old bungalow kitchen with the dining table close to the wood-stove, where we spent many happy hours.

We rested for a while after dinner, and then walked across to old Mrs. Hancock's, and she was delighted to see us.

"Come right in, Miss Marston and Mrs. Mitchell" she said, so we followed her into the tiny parlour. "Did yous get over to the station in time this morning?"

"Yes, and enjoyed the walk so much that we are ready for another now," we replied.

"What not going to start out again to-day! You ladies must be wonderful walkers," laughed the old lady.

"We want to go to the nearest shop to buy a few things that we need", I said.

"Well, the only shop on this side is the Post Office over half a mile from here and in the opposite direction from the way you went this morning. I will go along and show you if yous like. Did you ladies hear any singing this afternoon?"

"No", I replied, "except Miss Marston; she sings very often."

"Well now, I thought yous would hear my visitor for sure. She came to look for the doctor, heard he was at the bungalow. She was not here long before she got the hymn-book, and started to sing at the top of her voice, and a nice voice she has too, poor thing. I am sorry for her, although I have to laugh at her sometimes."

We asked who she was, and what was the matter with her.

"Well, her name is Palmer, and what her trouble is 'tis hard to say. She says she has lost her feelin's, and she has the idea that she is paralyzed; she will look at me sometimes, so pathetic-like and say "Is I dead?" It seems like her mind is going."

"Has she seen a doctor?" I asked.

"Oh yes, she has been away to Trinity and St. John's, but the doctors have not helped her any; they say it is her nerves. The poor thing has had a hard life; she has reared ten sons, and lost one of them at the war."

"Why the poor woman is all tired out!" exclaimed Marion. "She needs a complete rest in bed, and plenty of good nourishing food. Can she get milk to drink?"

"Well I suppose she could, but she brought up them ten sons without a cow. She don't rest much for sure, and she don't let her husband rest either. He says to me, 'My woman is always worrin'; even at nighttime, she keeps askin', 'Is I dead?' or 'Is you asleep?' Sometimes I says I'm not and more times I says, I is."

We could not help laughing, although it was such a pathetic little story. The old lady told us this and many other tales in a quaint dry way of her own, which was very entertaining. We loved to hear her talk.

Poor Mrs. Palmer was only one among many who was suffering from lack of knowledge and good nursing. The doctor afterwards told us that he was greatly hampered in his work because there was no nurse in all that Bay, and in many cases no one, who could carry out his instructions.

After chatting a little longer, the old lady made herself ready to accompany us. She wore a long coat, and a hat with ribbons which tied under her chin. We walked along the shore of the arm in a westerly direction, Mrs. Hancock in the middle. She entertained us as we went, pointing out the places of interest, and telling us much about the village and people. She had been one of the earliest settlers, and we were surprised at her intelligence.

As we walked along Marion and I were constantly exclaiming at the scenery; at every turn new vistas opened up, and it became more beautiful. When we reached the highest point of the road, we grew so excited over it that the old lady was amused. By turning to the left we had a full view of Lethbridge and the South-west river where it enters the arm; beyond this were timber lands, and in the distance a range of hills which Marion called her Blue Mountains; they seemed to have a fascination for her, for many a time did she gaze far in their direction, and long to reach them.

Directly in front of us stretched the largest portion of the arm, three miles in width; about half-way across a large island completely wooded to the water's edge. On the opposite shore were the villages of Bloomfield, Musgravetown and Canning's Cove, their churches and houses standing out against the green woods behind them. About a quarter of a mile from where we were standing a promontory called Goose Head, jutted abruptly into the arm. It was thickly covered with dark, rich timber, and well up on its slope nestled the Anglican Church, its spire rising white against the treetops.

As the sun was setting it shed a golden glory over land and water, setting on fire the windows of the

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HOLIDAY REMINISCENCES (Continued)

cottages, and deepening the shadows on the hills; the sky in the west was crimson, green and gold, and as the sun went down the full moon rose over the woods beyond the South-East Arm, and added to the wondrous beauty of the scene.

"Did you ever see anything more beautiful?" I said to Marion in a whisper.

"No indeed," she replied. "When you have sunset and moon-light together, and a view like this, it would be hard to surpass it."

Soon we came to the Post Office and the little shop where we made our purchases. We were served by the wife of the postmaster, a very refined and nice looking girl; she showed us with delight her new baby, the first-born and pride of the house.

"There never was a baby born to compare with that one, my dear," said Mrs. Hancock. "The father fairly worships him; you see he was married before for twenty years, and had no child."

"Why he must be a great deal older than his wife," we said.

"Well," she laughed, "she is nineteen and he is ninety." This was the old lady's way of talking, and of course we did not take her quite literally.

On the way home we met two men on the way home from work; the mill where they worked was three miles in the woods. One of them was carrying a rabbit, which he gave to Mrs. Hancock. She did not want to take it, but he insisted, and the old lady worried about it after.

"Oh why did I let him give it to me!" She lamented. "That poor fellow needs it much worse than I do. I knows he is badly off; he lost his wife a year ago, and now had no one to look after his little ones, and keep the house comfortable. My, my, my, I feels so sorry for taking that rabbit. Miss Marston and Mrs. Mitchell that is the way of folks around here; they are very poor, most of them, but they would share the little bit they have got. I knows they are so good as gold to me."

"That proves that they think a great deal of you," we assured her, "so don't worry about taking the rabbit. If you had not taken it, you would have deprived that man of a real pleasure."

She cheered up at that and chatted pleasantly to us, until we left her at the door of her little cabin. As we walked across the field to the bungalow, we stopped as usual to admire the view. The gay colours had gone from the western sky, leaving a translucent green; as the twilight deepened the moon became more brilliant, throwing a stream of light on the water of the arm. Here and there a star showed faintly in the purpling sky.

We found Herman Hancock on the door-step, the little boy who brought us our milk. He was a dear little fellow, and rolled his L's when he talked, in a most delightful manner.

"I have the milk, Mrs. Mitchell," he said, "and grandma says, please could I bring some water for yous, and get some wood." He had such a bright little face it was a pleasure to talk to him.

"Why yes, Herman," I said, "we shall be glad to have you do it every day for us."

So every day he and his brother Max did these little chores for us when they brought the milk. Very often did they come in and enjoy a piece of cake or a candy, sitting on the kitchen lounge, while Marion, who has a great weakness for little boys, chatted to them and gave them good advice. She made friends with many others before we left, and I think if we had been there for any length of time, she would have resembled 'The old lady who lived in a shoe', having too many for comfort.

The next morning (Friday) we woke to find the sun shining brightly in a cloudless sky, no wind, and the arm without a ripple—a perfectly lovely day for motor boating. We hurried to get breakfast; the porridge had been cooked the night before in a milk jug, and while it was heating I ran down to the wharf and hoisted a white towel on a stick as a signal to Mr. Lethbridge, and in less than half an hour he was over for us with his large motor-boat.

Just before we left the house our old lady came over with the rabbit all ready for cooking, and besought us to accept it. We could not refuse her, so we placed it on the stove to simmer while the fire should last, and then hurried down to the wharf.

It really was a glorious day; the water was as clear as crystal, and was teeming with jelly-fish, millions and millions of them. They looked like tiny lamp-shades with fringe all around them, and a sort of cross in the centre.

"They are really quite pretty," I said to Marion, "I think I shall catch one in my hand and examine it." But she advised me not to touch one with such disgust in her voice that I refrained, though without much reluctance, I must confess.

I wish my readers could get a glimpse of that beautiful arm as it looked that sunny morning. We ran along near the shore, past the South-West River, and the green island, making a circuit of the arm until we reached Musgravetown, where we landed. Musgravetown is larger than the other settlements, and its two leading men have stores and carry on a fish business. We called on one of them, whom I had met in St. John's, and he was very much surprised and honoured to see us. We made some purchases at his store, and expressed our admiration of the fine view from his place; thereupon he offered to have his son drive us along the shore as far as the road went. But as Mr. Lethbridge was waiting our convenience to take us by boat in the same direction, we said that perhaps another day we would avail ourselves of his offer.

Our course was now along the shore of the North-East Arm, which extended for fifteen miles before it reached the open Bay. Wallie's Point as they called it, was at the land's end. As we went along Mr. Lethbridge told us a good deal about the country, and pointed out Canning's Cove on one side, and Portland, and Jamestown in the distance on the other. On the way back we called at Musgravetown to pick up the doctor and his cousin, a nurse, who was visiting the Minister's wife there for a day or two.

When we got back to the bungalow it was 2.30 p.m. The long morning on the water had sharpened our appetites, and we felt a keen desire for dinner. We ask-

HOLIDAY REMINISCENCES (Continued)

ed Miss M. to stay and have some with us, the doctor having to make a call at Lethbridge.

"I'm sorry we can't have dinner till we prepare it," I said to her, "but now you will see what smart cooks we are."

"Can't I help too?" she asked, "This is good fun, isn't it?"

In no time the fire was blazing, and Marion was frying onions to put with the rabbit, which was almost cooked and only needed browning. New potatoes cook quickly, and while they were boiling I prepared cream of tomato soup, and Marion broiled slices of ham. In less than half an hour we were ready to sit down to the following menu :

Cream of tomato soup

Fried rabbit with onions — Broiled ham

Boiled new potatoes Cocoanut-cream-pie

Tea Chocolates

The doctor got back in time to have some dessert with us and soon after he and Miss M. left in order to catch the train for Trinity.

About an hour after Marion said, "I think it is time to walk again. Where shall we go?"

"Suppose we try to find Stairs'," I replied, "they all talk so much about that place. Oh here is our old lady coming; she will be able to direct us." As she came in she said, "Well, yous did have a long morning boating, did yous enjoy yourselves?"

"Yes, very much; we had a lovely time, and now we are ready for a walk. How far is it to Stairs'? We want to go there.

"Well, well, yous do like exercise; I never seen ladies like you. Stair's farm is a good three mile from here, but it is well worth seein'; the garden is wonderful, they say. You kin follow the road by the water that yous took yesterday morning, or the road back of the bungalow through the woods, till yous come to the head of the arm; then yous must take the road to the left. After walking a mile or so, yous'll come to an old lumber-mill, not working; here the roads divides, but you still take the one to the left."

"We thanked her, and said we thought we could find it, and started off over the grass-grown road behind the bungalow at a swinging pace. This road was a beautiful country lane through the woods, gradually ascending; when we reached its highest level we stopped to gaze, and climbed boulders to gaze again. Marion declared it was the finest view of all, and selected that spot on the hill for a bungalow which she will build in the future. She affirmed that one could see more of the country in every direction from that point than any other.

Heart of Oak

By DOROTHY M. JUPP

IN the Fall of 1948 there went into retirement an old, and faithful friend and servant in the shape of the "P. and S"; a boat formerly known as "The Wayfarer". For 50 years she had been worked hard, first as a pleasure craft, and then as a trap and freight boat, on the Labrador coast.

Her exact age was uncertain, but her long, and adventurous and busy life started in a bustling and energetic boat-building town in the Isle of Wight; that part of the "Old Country" noted for its sturdy, fine ships, and its even finer and sturdier men who manned them. For many years she sailed placidly over the calm waters of the English Channel, and the "Southampton Road", resplendant in her oaken finished upper structures, and her glistening brass work, and her comfortable seats, and forecabin, intent only on carrying her owners on pleasure trips — picnics, and fishing cruises (and how many "tall" fishing tales did she hear?) sheltering them beneath her spacious roof, when the weather man was in one of his bad moods.

Happy and peaceful was her life there, tended by loving, careful hands as she lay at anchor, watching big ships sail by —Tug and patrol boats, merchantmen, warships, fussy tenders, all sailing up and down the "Roads," past the Isle of Wight, entering or leaving the great Port of Southampton on their "lawful occasions."

If she could talk, what tales she could tell; of Royal Yacht Races; homeward bound warships; troopships filled with the troops who man every available yarder, and yell their heads off at the sight of the homeland once again; Life boats putting out to sea in the teeth of heavy gales to rescue "those in perils on the sea"; the world's largest liners bringing exiles and visitors and diplomats; fishing boats, and light house relief boats and pilot boats. All these pass her by, until in this century, she was obtained by two members of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and used a few more years as a pleasure launch, then sent into retirement as unseaworty. Her retirement was short-lived, when a young Medical Student, fresh from a strenuous summer on the Labrador coast, urged that she be made seaworthy again, and given to the Grenfell Mission to "work between the Bays" in calm weather. As they put it, "may-be she'd be all right for work in quiet waters, but she's no good for heavy work any more."

So the "Wayfarer" said "good-by" to the Old Country and arrived on the Labrador coast, looking very smart in her fresh oaken woodwork, and gleaming brass. She was rechristened the "P & S" (after her donors) and for seven years worked hard on the coast, in all kinds of weather, and in all kinds of seas; carrying cargo which she never dreamed existed — mail, wood, boxes and barrels, coal, oil, and animals, and carrying patients and passengers; there were very few free and peaceful days for her; sometimes she saw the coastal steamers going north, loaded with fishermen, often she passed schooners going "up" and "down" north or south, and occasionally the Hospital ship "Strathcona" and later the "Maraval," and the supply ship "Cluett."

Later gnarled hands, experienced over the years, sounded her ribs and planks, and keel, and shook grey hands and said "her's done, her to be more good for the sea"; so once more the old "P & S" went into retirement.

Again, she was taken out of retirement, when it was felt, that she might be able to travel in the Bay, further south, and not go "outside." By now the "P & S" had lost some of her ribs, her cabin was taken off, her upholstered seats reduced to bare wood, and her oaken finish covered with a green paint, new ribs were put in, and also a new keel, another engine installed, and she started life anew; for many more years she piled back and forth, carrying freight and passengers; facing heavy seas, and all kinds of weather; taking goats out to the Islands in summer and fetching them in, in the Fall; taking out berry picking parties: carrying out wood to load on the "Cluett"; collecting heavy rocks for ballast; once or twice acting as a funeral boat; going out to connect with the steamer to pick up mail and freight; and finally, to have her timbers cracked with an overload of boiler, crates, drums, autoclave, and empty drums. So she rides at anchor, besides her fussy successor with a double cylinder engine, reflecting on the glories of the past.

Public Speaking

—(VICTORIA COLONIST)

On this continent, possibly more so than anywhere else, the desire to be able to speak in public or before some sort of an audience continues to increase. It is this appetite which has contributed to the formation of so many clubs, societies and organizations of all sorts, and few if any occasions are omitted when one or other individual does not seek the opportunity of making his or her viewpoint heard in formal fashion. There is merit in this practice that is becoming so widespread but there is much waste of time as well. It develops the individual, or should do so in an intellectual sense by the mutual exchange of opinions. The trouble, however, may be that the opinions exchanged are the same over and over again. On the political platform, with but rare exceptions, there is an almost painful reiteration of language, and by far too much of it. In the House of Commons at Ottawa there is a record of long-windedness perhaps unequaled anywhere else in the world.

Most people know the German proverb that "talking comes by nature, silence by wisdom." They know, too, the Baconian dictum that "reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man." In the making of talkers, however there may be the tendancy towards too little thinking being done, which is equivalent to shooting without aim. Then there is the genius that Shakespeare described as "a gentleman that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month." It may be a good thing to air viewpoints but it can be carried to an extent where it renders action impotent, and, after all, actions speak louder than words.

This is all by the way for the purpose is to repeat some advice that Earl Granville, once an eminent and successful Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the British Government, gave to his nephew, Sir George Leveson Gower, who was at one time secretary to Mr. Gladstone. He set forth eight instructions for speaking in public.

(1) To fix the eyes on the farthest person in the audience and to make sure that he hears.

(2) Not to speak too fast, nor drop voice at end of sentence.

(3) Not to gesticulate, except perhaps ae some supreme climax: to concentrate all emotion in intonation and facial expression.

(4) Not to drink water, but only to moisten the mouth.

(5) To use notes as little as possible.

(6) To give few figures as you can, and then only in round numbers.

(7) If the audience is inclined to be restless or hostile, not to try to capture their attention by raising the voice, but to speak lower with a clear enunciation.

(8) To keep your temper with a heckler and give him plenty of rope. The audience will then get bored with him and will not resent your crushing him with a final retort.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Eighth Annual Newfoundland Picnic-1961

The Eighth Annual Picnic sponsored by Newfoundland Club of California was held in Lynwood City Park, Lynwood, California. This area has repeatedly been selected because of its centralization and its recreational facilities.

As the day started it was noted that sunshine and warm weather were the important success factors. At first glance it was also noted that the table decorations were especially gay and the food extremely tantalizing. Tiny pink geraniums and yellow ribbons of crepe paper in yellow and golden colours set the decor. The luncheon was pot-luck, with more variety of food than I ever have seen assembled at one time.

For the delight of the children (and adults) a clown and a monkey were on hand. The monkey a veteran movie star with some twenty pictures to his credit stopped all other activities with his roller-skating, hand-in-hand with his master and one of the children. He also posed to have his picture taken with the children.

Plenty of ice-cream, lemonade and balloons freely distributed to the small fry kept them happy and busy all day, and the older children played games or took a dip in the pool at beautiful new modern Natatorium close by.

As soon as lunch was over and friends from the different sections had taken the opportunity to greet each other, a tape recorder was set up for the benefit of sending messages home from families and friends. After singing The Ode to Newfoundland and a greeting from the President Mr. Bernard Forsey, Mrs. Kasper Caspersen, founder of the Organization was asked to lead the group in sending messages. This activity was considered the highlight of the day for many members. A re-run of the recording was promised after the business meeting.

There were more new members at this picnic than have been recorded in a long time. All first names are not available at this writing. The following is a partial list:

Bond, Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Day, Dorothy Drew, Muriel Haas, Mauro, Pendegrast, Reis, Arthur Skinner, Star and Taylor.

The following members were elected to serve for the coming year – President, Mr. Ron McGrath Jr. 1st. Vice Pres. Laura Junkin. Secretary-Treasurer, Catherine Kaye. Picnic Chairman, Hazel Boomhower Dinner-Dance Chairman, Mr. Walter Godden.

A revolving Sunshine Fund has been set up to give temporary aid to families in need. So far two families have been helped and in each case the money later refunded, once with interest added.

With Officers and members living so far apart it is almost impossible to get all the interesting data of this picnic, especially since some of them are working people. Mrs. Mike Brennan and her Committee might well be proud of their efforts on this happy occasion. The large attendance and enthusiasm of the group proved to be a day long to be remembered.

Mrs. Seymour Kaye (Catherine) did an excellent job at the Registrar's table and Mr. Tommy Murphy was greatly appreciated for his participation in operating the tape recorder.

Every member in attendance did his part to make this picnic one of the best we have ever held in California. We are very proud of this event and the smoothness of its operation.

Mrs. Kasper Caspersen, Historian
Newfoundland Club of California.

OUR NATIONAL FLAG

By WAYFARER

Reprinted from the Daily News

Where did Stanley Knowles of the CCF get the information that prompted him to ask Mr. Pickersgill if he knew that Newfoundland has a national flag and if it is proper for a province to have national flag legislation? Because very few here know we do have this kind of legislation. Very few know we have a national flag. We doubt that Mr. Pickersgill knew it but he may be forgiven when so many Newfoundlanders are no better informed.

What is the national flag of Newfoundland? We doubt if many will come up with the right answer. Some still think it is the old flag of the Native Society, the pink, white and green which is so rarely seen today. Most people will say it is the Red Ensign with the badge of Newfoundland in the fly. But the legislation to which Mr. Knowles referred is very clear on the point. It says most concisely and emphatically that "the Union Flag or Union Jack is hereby declared to be the National Flag of the Province of Newfoundland." There is nothing equivocal about that. Canada can fly what she lies but here in this island until new legislation is adopted to change the position, the Union Jack is our national flag. Note also that it is the "national" flag of the "province."

Where a vessel registered in Newfoundland is compelled to show her "national colours," the appropriate symbol is then the Red Ensign with the badge of Newfoundland "in the centre of the fly on the white circular ground." But vessels which are in the service of the Government of Newfoundland must carry a Blue Ensign and a badge of the island in the fly and if they are armed, they must also wear a Blue Pendant "with the red St. George's Cross on white ground in the upper part of the Pendant next to the mast."

There is a flag as well for the Lieutenant Governor. It is to be flown when he or "other Officer Administering the Government" is "embarked in a ship or vessel." That flag is described as "the Union Flag (Union Jack) with the badge of Newfoundland emblazoned in the centre thereof on a circular white ground and surrounded by a green garland." It may be added that "the proportions of badges upon Flags shall be in accordance with sealed patterns to be approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council and to be kept in the Department of Provincial Affairs."

A Schedule to the Act describes the Badge for Newfoundland Flags as approved by "His Late Majesty King Edward VII, such approval having been conveyed through the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies in a despatch bearing date the eighteenth day of May in the year nineteen hundred and four" and the description of the familiar badge in official language is as follows: "The badge consists of a representation of Mercury, the God of Commerce and Merchandise, presenting to Britannia who in a kneeling attitude is offering the harvest of the sea: all as described in the Great Seal of the Colony. Above the device in a scroll are the words "Terra Nova' and below the motto 'Haec Tibi Dona Fero.' "

We must frankly admit that until Mr. Stanley Knowles sent us in quest of information, we had not known about the National Flag Act which was passed in 1931 in accordance with the requirements of the Statue of Westminister. Some twenty years ago we did get information from the then Secretary for Home Affairs, Mr. Arthur Mews, about the Badge of the Colony. It was, so Mr. Mews informed us, in existance and formed part of the Great Seal as far back as the reign of George IV. It was not, therefore, designed by the wife of Governor Musgrave, as used to be believed, since she came to Newfoundland about 1864.

The Arms of Newfoundland are something else again. These were granted by Charles I but were long and mistakenly believed to be the Arms of London & Bristol Company for Colonizing Newfoundland. The Royal Arms used to appear on official stationery and notices until about 1930 when the Newfoundland Arms were rediscovered.

The interesting thing however, is that the Union Jack is by law the national flag of Newfoundland. The Red Ensign with the Canadian badge in the fly was acknowledged by order-in-council some ten years ago as the official flag of Canada. Which flies above which? We would think that the flag of Britain and the national flag of Newfoundland, the Union Jack must take precedance over all other flags in this island. Curiously enough the revised statutes make quite sure that it is the "national" flag of the "province."

VIEWS FROM

The Crow's Nest

By LARBOARD WATCH

THE RAREST item among books on Labrador is, I suppose, Captain George Cartwright's Journal. It was published in 1792 in three volumes. Today these three volumes are catalogued at fifty dollars. I do not suppose that I shall ever have the good fortune to own a copy of the original Journal, so shall have to be content with my copy of the edition published by Dr. C. W. Townsend in 1941. In this edition Dr. Townsend has reproduced the most interesting parts of the journal in one volume of about four hundred pages. It contains about twenty illustrations taken from old engravings and photographs, also a chart of a part of the coast of Labrador.

This abridged journal is a most entertaining book. It will be read with great delight by all those who have a taste for stories of pioneering and adventure among the wild things of the forest. In this case one's interest in the narrative is greatly increased by reason of the strong character and colourful personality of Captain Cartwright.

Southy, speaking of the Journal, said: "I read the book in 1793, and, strange as it may seem, actually read through the three quartos . . . The odd simplicity of the book amused me — the importance he attached to his traps delighted me. I fancied him blockaded by the snows, rising from a meal upon the old, tough, high flavoured, hard-sinewed wolf, and sitting down like Robinson Crusoe to his Journal.

"The annals of his campaigns among the foxes and beavers interested me more than ever did the exploits of Marlborough or Frederic; besides I saw plain truth and the heart in Cartwright's book and in what history could I look for this?"

Cartwright was a very interesting character. We cannot here enlarge upon that statement except to say that, for one thing, he was a great eater. To some people who were watching him with evident surprise while he was eating on a certain occasion, he told the following story:

"I once fell in with a stranger in the shooting season and we dined together at an inn. There was a leg of mutton which he did not touch I never make more than two cuts off a leg of mutton; the first takes all one side, the second all the other, and when I had done this I laid the bone across my knife for the marrow. The stranger could refrain no longer, 'By God, sir, he said. 'I never saw a man eat like you."

The Journal takes us back to pioneer days in Labrador and Newfoundland — to a day when the wigwams of the Red Indians could be seen on the shores of Exploits Bay. In July, 1770, Captain Cartwright, while at Fogo, waiting for his vessel to be made ready for the voyage to Labrador, planned an excursion up the Bay of Exploits. On the eleventh of July he wrote:

"We got underweigh soon after daylight, and as we rowed towards Comfit Islands I discovered a party of wild Indians upon a very small island which lies contiguous to the East end of Little Cold Hall. They had two wigwams, about a hundred yards from the shore with a fire in each, and two canoes lying on the beach; one of which they semed to be mending. I counted six peole, and one of them appeared to be remarkably tall . . . They did not seem to be alarmed at us, because their ignorance of the powers of the telescope made them not suspect we had discovered them at that distance.

The Journal takes us back to the day when the rivers of Sandwich Bay teemed with salmon; when polar bears by the shore unmolested played in the deep pools and ate their fill of fish. If any reader of this paper happens to visit Eagle River, he will find it interesting to compare conditions as they are today with the scenes described by Cartwright in the following entry:

"We rowed up Eagle River. When we got to the first rapid we saw a brace of white bears in the river above, and a black one waiting along the north shore . . . had not gone far before I observed a very large black bear walking upwards on the other side of the river. . .

"About half a mile higher, I came to a very strong shoot of water, from thence I saw several white bears fishing in the stream above. A cub sat down upon a rock when I sent a ball through it. The report of my gun brought some others down . . I now perceived that two others had landed about sixty yards above me, and were fiercely looking around them. As both my guns were discharged, the ramrod of my rifle broken by loading in too great haste the last time, and as I had left my last shot, and ball bag belonging to the other in the boat, I freely confessed that I felt myself in a very unpleasant situation. But as no time was to be lost, I darted into the woods and instantly loaded my double-barrel with powder only; that I might singe their whiskers at least if I were attacked . . .

"Higher up the river I came opposite a beautiful cataract, and to the end of a small woody island which lies near the south shore. There I sat down upon some bare rocks to contemplate the scene before me, and to observe the manoeuvres of the bears; numbers of which were in sight. In the lower part of the pool were several island rocks. Salmon innumerable were continually leaping into the air which had attracted a great concourse of bears. Some were diving after the fish; others were walking along the shore; some were going into the woods, and others coming out . . . They were in such plenty that I counted thirty-two white bears and three black ones; but there were certainly many more, as they generally retire into the woods to sleep after making a heavy meal; and they could not be long doing that here, for the river was quite full of salmon."

Cartwright's name will be remembered in association with Labrador as long as its rugged hills stand. It will be remembered because he gave to the coast a great many of the names of the harbons, capes and bays between Cape Charles and Hamilton Inlet. It is said that one beautiful September day as he entered the river at the head of Sandwich Bay he exclaimed "this is paradise!" and so the river got its name. He will be remembered by the settlement in Sandwich Bay that bears his name. The house that Cartwright built for himself at this point, in the spring of 1775, he appropriately named "Caribou Castle." At Cartwright there is also a stone of remembrance erected to his memory by Miss F. D. Cartwright a niece. There in the little graveyard one may read that Captain Cartwright in March 1770 made a settlement on the coast of Labrador where he remained for sixteen years. He died at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire on the 19th of February 1819.

THE CROW'S NEST (Continued)

I have been thinking that, in the course of time, as collectors of books on Newfoundland increase, it will be necessary to invent terms by which to designate the literature of these countries. If the literature of Canada is called Canadiana, and the literature of the United States is called Americana, it seems that the logical name for Newfoundland literature is Newfoundlandiana. But that is a clumsy word, so perhaps we shall have to carry the Latinizing a step further and say Terra Novian, then this might be abbreviated to Noviana. Who is ready with a better suggestion?

But what about Labrador? Labradoriana is not a choice word, but where can we find materials for a better? What about Bradoriana, or Doriana? At the present time books on Newfoundland and Labrador are listed in catalogues under the headings Newfoundland and Labrador.

As we have before remarked Col. McCrea's sketches of life in and about St. John's are very interesting. They will be much enjoyed by those who like to go back and move among the people of olden times. Through the author's eyes we are able to view the social life of the military officers; the commercial life, and the undesirable conditions that accompanied the credit system; the cod fishery, and the seal fishery are described with many interesting details. For instance he pictures the excitement among the merchants of St. John's when the time came for the sailing ships to return from the ice, how eagerly they watched the tower on Signal Hill; how they hurried to the lookout when a vessel was reported and strained their eyes to make out from the flags her number of seals and whose house flag she carried. Today a wireless message announces to the merchant in his office just what to expect when the modernly equipped steamship glides to her dock at the appointed time.

Those who like stories of the hunt will enjoy the author's descripton of grouse-shooting expeditions around the Three Pond Barrens, Deer's Marsh, Petty Hr. Cody's Well and the Indian-meal Barrens; Kelligrew's Barren and Witless Bay. One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that which tells the story of the "Last duel in Newfoundland" The duel is said to have taken place in May of 1861 at a spot "somewhere about a mile from the post office behind the high hill above the town on which the Catholic Cathedral proudly stands, where winds a deep, sheltered ravine." The principals in this affair were Capt. Rodman and Lieut. Potter. Potter was killed.

When taking his leave of Newfoundland Lieut-Col. McCrea said: "Our Sunday strollings round the margin of the dark blue lake; the great fleecy clouds condensing on the hills, like armies drawn out for battle array; the Indian summer, with its sober sad reflections; our genial gatherings in winter; are all and many many more—associations which we scarcely hope to renew. Brighter skies and brighter scenes may await us in other lands, fruits and flowers spread their choicest temptations before thirsty admiring eyes; but nowhere else can man grasp the hand of his fellow man with greater trust, or with greater confidence in a hearty welcome eat his neighbor's bread.

On the 25th of June, 1900, the Brave, a little schooner of forty tons, with a party of scientists on board, sailed out of St. John's Harbour bound for northern Labrador. The purpose of this expedition was to explore the fiords and mountain ranges of that part of the country, and "to bring back more definite information regarding its general geography than had yet been obtained." Delayed by ice and head winds the party did not reach Nachvak Bay, their destination, until the 21st of Aug. After two weeks exploration they were forced to start on the return journey. They arrived in St. John's again on the 3rd of October. They reported "a most profitable and enjoyable summer spent by those who took part in the expedition."

As a result of this expedition another title was added to the list of works on Labrador, and so, one more item was added to the number of books to be hunted by collectors. The title of this little book is, "The Geology of the Northeast Coast of Labrador." It is listed as Volume XXXVIII in the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College, Geological series. Vol. v. No. 5. It was prepared by Reginald A. Daly, a member of the expedition, and published in 1902. The Bulletin has 65 pages of printed matter and thirteen plates nine of them being full page photographs of Northern Labrador scenery featuring certain geological formations.

Three of the plates have a peculiar interest for me. Two of these are views of Cap Mugford and Mugford Tickle, the other shows one of the boulder beaches of Labrador. These beaches, long ago deserted by the ocean that formed them had now high and dry, interested me very much when I saw them in cod-fishing days, while the impression made upon my mind by my

first view of massive and rugged Cape Mugford will, I believe, last as long as memory continues to function.

The title of this book is not one that will attract the general reader. This general reader that we have in mind judges all books by their titles, and concludes that a work on geology is necessarily dry and unentertaining. In so doing he is often mistaken, and often overlooks some very entertaining as well as exceedingly profitable reading matter. The person, for instance, who puts down this book unopened because of its title will deprive himself of the pleasure of a very readable and informative work. We are indebted to Dr. Daly for interspersing his record of a scientific expedition with bright and interesting descriptions of incidents of the journey and scenes by the way. Even his account of the scientific work and findings is made so plain that the ordinary person can read it with some profit. Let us sample a few paragraphs from this work, as showing what may be found in a book on geology.

"The next day, from a hill north of the harbour, we had a remarkably striking view of drift-ice streaming west-south-west into the strait (of Bell Isle) and southward past Belle Isle along the east coast of Newfoundland. The Labrador current was a vivid reality to us as we watched the truly majestic procession of these dazzling migrants from a polar sea.

Along with more than a hundred other schooners from the many anchorages of this indented coast, the passage of the straits was finally made. Not the least memorable scene of the summer was this brilliantly sunlit expanse of water covered with the great fleet and with a long train of icebergs, two of which were probably the loftiest seen during the cruise.

The extraordinary smoothness of the sea covered by drift-ice, even when the pans are widely spaced, is truly astonishing to one making his first voyage in such waters. His sailing ship may be favoured with a fresh breeze and yet the ocean surface be quite level, save for the minute rippling, characteristic of a small pond ruffled by a summer breeze.

For a distance of fifty miles to the southward we had marked the majestic pile of the Bishop's Mitre with the associated mountains of the mainland. Their summits were at the time covered with a fresh fall of snow; the brillancy of the crests recalled the etymology of the name which again illustrates the Eskimo's feeling for natural scenery, 'Kaumajet' signifies 'shining', the range is the Himalaya of Labrador.

Escaping from the heat of an American or Canadian summer, the explorer of the northern Labrador will find a bracing health-giving climate calling forth strenuous and welcome exercise of body and mind."

It will not be possible, much longer, to speak of Labrador as terra incognita. Journalists, scientists and sportsmen have published a great deal of information about the country in both popular and scientific works, and have thereby done much to make Labrador well known, and to arouse interest in its attractive features. Of those who have had a share in this good work I suppose that none has played a greater part than Sir Wilfred Grenfell. By this work and by his books he has made Labrador known to the uttermost part of the earth.

GOODWILL

The most precious thing that a man or woman can possess is the goodwill of others. It is something just as fragile as an orchid, and as beautiful. It is as precious as a gold nugget, and as hard to find. It is as powerful as a turbine and as hard to build. It is a wonderful as youth and as hard to keep.—Parish

Sir Wilfred has published many books, how many I cannot tell. I have here one of his works, a book I had not seen until I picked it up in a second hand shop some time ago. It is entitled, "Labrador the Country and the People" and is by Dr. Grenfell and others.

This work is, in a sense, many books in one; a book that one who desires a general knowledge of Labrador, but has not the time to read many books on the subject, will be glad to find.

The book is of the usual novel size, and published in 1909 by the Macmillan It was edited by Dr. Reginald Daly, and published in 1909 by the Macmillan Co. New York. A list of the headings of the sixteen chapters of the book will give a good idea of the contents of this work.

Chapter I, "Historical Introduction" is by W. S. Wallace: chapter II "Travelled Routes to Labrador", III, "The physiography of Labrador", VI "The People of the Coast;" VIII, "Missions"; IX, "Reindeer for Labrador"; X, "The Dogs"; XI, "The Cod and Cod-Fishery"; XII, "The Salmon-Fishery"; XIII, "The Herring and other Fish": XIV, "The Ocean Mammals" are all by Dr. Grenfell. Chapter IV, "The Geology and Scenery of the Northeast Coast" is by Dr. Daly: chapter V, "The Hamilton River and the Grand Falls" by Albert P. Low: chapter VII, "The Indians" by William B. Cabot: chapter XV, "The Birds" by Charles W. Townsend: and chapter XVI, "The Flora" by E. B. Delabarre. There are also six appendices as follows:

"Insects of Labrador, by Charles W. Johnson; The Marine Crustacea by Mary J. Rathbun. The Mollusks by Charles W. Johnson; Lists of the Mammals of Labrador by Outram Bangs; List of the Birds of Labrador by Charles W. Townsend and Glover M. Allen, and List of Crustacea on the Labrador Coast by Mary J. Rathbun.

Narratives of explorations in Labrador by gentlemen adventurers — sportsmen and journalists form one of the most interesting features of Labrador literature or Labradoriana, if we may be permitted to use that term. In a previous sketch we described three of these narratives, two by Dillon Wallace, and one by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard. We shall now review another, this time a book by Hesketh Prichard entitled "Through Trackless Labrador." It was published in 1911 by William Heinemann of London.

As to format, the book is 8 x 10 inches in size, has 251 pages, and is attractively bound in red and gold. It contains nearly one hundred illustrations including some fine clear photographs of characteristic Labrador scenery, and some interesting studies of natives.

The journey here described was Mr. Prichard's second adventure in Labrador. His first visit to the country took place in 1903 when, accompanied by Jack Wells, a Newfoundlander, he landed at Fanny's Harbour, and after cruising along the coast in search of big game, returned to Newfoundland by the Virginia Lake when she was making her last voyage of the season. The second adventure took place in 1910. On this occasion he had as his companions G. Gathorne-Hardy, F.R.G.S., and Robert Porter of Newfoundland. Porter joined the party in England and from there sailed to Labrador on the Moravian Mission ship "Harmony."

Prichard's plan was to cross the country from Nain to the George River and return by the same route. In making this journey he had two objects in view, one to determine whether it was possible for white men to travel with the speed and lightness of the Indians; the other, "to examine very thoroughly" as he

THE CROW'S NEST (Continued)

says, "the attractions of Newfoundland and Labrador from the point of view of the sportsmen and pleasure seeker in order that I might compare the sport to be obtained in these playgrounds of the West with that which one may expect in Norway. I was also determined to go into the question of the cost of such sport in the two continents of Europe and America." Concerning the first of these objectives Prichard decided, after having made the journey, that "the white man can attain results in wilderness travel which will bear some kind of comparison with the achievements of the red." He devotes a chapter of his book to a comparison of sport and its cost as he found then in Newfoundland and Labrador with what he found in Norway. He does not give a definite statement of his conclusions, but the odds seem to be in favour of Newfoundland and Labrador. Only about half the book is taken up with the narrative of the journey to George River and back, the rest of it includes chapters on the following subjects: "The Heroes of the Labrador. The Eskimo, The Winter Masters of the Labrador, The Caribou of the Labrador, The Settlers or Liveyeres, The Indians of the Labrador, The Caribou of the Labrador, A Chapter on Fishing. Newfoundland and Labrador V. Norway." The Chapter on fishing is by G. Gatherne-Hardy.

Mr. Pritchard's account is quite entertaining, and affords an intimate acquaintance with the nature of the country in that part of Labrador which he travelled. It is not so thrilling a tale as The Lure of the Labrador wild or the Long Labrador Trail by Dillion Wallace. The journey from Nain to the George River was not so long as the journey of Hubbard and Wallace, nor did it involve the like degree of risk and hardship. Prichard and his companions made the return from George River to Nain in eleven days, and though their fare was sometimes scanty they were not at any time without a meal of some kind.

We would not leave the impression that this journey was nothing more than a pleasure trip, or that it did not involve any risk whatever. Prichard and his companions had to contend with serious difficulties; they had to endure real hardship, and they suffered one mishap that might have proved very serious indeed. The rough and barren nature of the country made travelling difficult, but their greatest hardship was caused by the mosquitoes. A few sentences from the many on this subject will serve to show how these pests forced themselves upon the attentions of the explorers and succeeding in making their daily life a misery.

"It may be that I have dwelt upon our sufferings and their cause at too great length, but in defence I must declare that it is generally believed the mosquito of the Labrador is facile princeps in numbers, in bloodthirstiness and in the tactics of welfare. But be that as it may, at about two o'clock on the day of which I write, we were sitting on a knoll surrounded in every sense of the word by more mosquitoes than I have ever seen before or hope ever to see again. Our sealskin boots were covered with crawling masses, and where they were tied in under the knee the mosquitoes drove their lances, through the firm-woven tweed with maddening effect.

"At length we were once more stung into continuing our hunt, but after proceeding about two hundred yards, we stopped again, and in the hope of driving off some of the pursuers, we kindled a great fire of moss which threw up huge gusts of dun-coloured smoke. In this we sat, but though I held my boot in the midst of it only a few of the mosquitoes seemed to mind it.

"At this distance or time, the incidents of that day are only cause for laughter, but in the thick of the struggle laughter was impossible, and presently by mutual consent we turned and made an up-wind detour back to camp. There we determined to draw the tent-sheet over a rock, creep inside its shelter and light our pipes. We thought we might thus in some degree escape the torment.

"As we walked along, I remember we agreed that no foreign army would ever invade the interior of Labrador. Indeed I believe that a mass of men could not endure a week of it in the height of summer the Grey Legions would conquer the bravest and best disciplined army in the world.

"What these mosquitoes are is indescribable. They give no rest, no peace, day or night. I think a man totally unprotected would be killed by them in a very short space of time . . . "where one's clothes are drawn tight they pierce through even two thicknesses of cloth and all along the seems. One is a mass of bites, tortured by lack of sleep, wracked with nerves."

They suffered a distressing mishap when their canoe over-turned in a rapid, and their supplies were scattered on the swiftly flowing river. They were lucky to come out of this accident as well as they did.

The men who try to do something in life and fail are better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.
— Sel.

* * *

He is best educated who is most useful. — Sel.

* * *

It is not hard to die, but to know how to live well, that is hard. — Japanese proverb.

* * *

Poets tell us what we have felt in words we have not the genius to put together. — Isabel Patterson.

WHAT IS THE C.A.A. ?

In these days with the multiplicity of initial letters for organizations one is sometimes hard put to know or even guess what they all mean. The C.A.A. (Canadian Authors Association) is the senior organization for Canadian authors, writers, artists, musical composers, dramatists, scenario writers, radio script writers, or any other creators of copyrightable material. It was formed in 1921 at a national convention held in Montreal and is incorporated under a federal charter. It corresponds to the "Authors league of America" in the U.S.A. and the "Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers" in Great Britain. Among its founders and Charter Members were Stephen Leacock, Murray Gibbon, B. K. Sandwell, Pelham Edgar, W. D. Lighthall, Sir Robert Falconer, Lawrence Burpee, Mazo de la Roche and Vincent Massey.

For nearly forty years now it has worked for just copyright and income tax laws and has given its members contract and marketing advice. It has maintained two quarterlies, the "Canadian Author and Bookman" (founded in 1921 with B. K. Sandwell F.R.S.C. as editor) and the "Canadian Poetry Magazine" (founded in 1936 with E. J. Pratt, F.R.S.C. as editor). It also inaugurated in 1936 annual medal awards bearing the name of the Governor-General of Canada, our honoured patron. (Now handled by the Canada Council). An autonomous Board appointed by the C.A.A. until 1960 administered these awards. The Canada Council adds a cash prize of $1,000 to each award. An annual convention gives an opportunity to foregather with authors at the national level and discuss problems of writing and publication.

Membership is of two categories: regular and associate. Branches for local activities (often taking the form of craft groups or of monthly meetings with book talks) are to be found in St. John's, Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Windsor, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria. For details and application blanks write to: :

Membership Secretary,
The Canadian Authors Association,
Room 1, Hillcrest School,
1339 Bathurst Street,
Toronto 4, Ontario.

THE ODE TO NEWFOUNDLAND

SIR CAVENDISH BOYLE

When sun rays crown thy pine clad hills
And summer spreads her hand,
When silvern voices tune thy rills,
We love thee, smiling land,
We love thee, we love thee,
We love thee, frozen land.

When spreads thy cloak of shim'ring white,
At winter's stern command,
Through shortened day and star-lit night,
We love thee, frozen land,
We love thee, we love thee,
We love thee, smiling land.

When blinding storm-gusts fret thy shores,
And wild waves lash thy strand,
Through lightning's flash and tempest's roar
We love thee, wind swept land,
We love thee, we love thee,
We love thee, wind swept land.

As loved our fathers so we love,
Where once they stood we stand.
Their prayers we raise to Heaven above,
God guard thee, Newfoundland.
God guard thee, God guard thee,
God guard thee, Newfoundland.

GOVERNMENT OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Arts and Letters Competition, 1961

The Committee appointed by the Government to administer the Arts and Letters Competition brings to the attention of interested parties the following regulations and awards for 1961.

(a) For the best original historic account of neglected periods in our Island History.
Length 5000-8000 Words.
Awards $300.00—Second Choice $100.00.

(b) For the best original short story—5000 words (approximately).
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(c) For the best original poem.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(d) For the best original Newfoundland ballad or "Come-All-Ye."
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(e) For the best original literary script of a dramatic type written for radio persentation.
Time of presentation 15 to 20 minutes.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(f) For the best original oil painting.
Minimum size 12 x 20 inches. Maximum 15 sq. ft.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(g) For the best original water colour painting.
Minimum size 12 x 20 inches.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(h) For the best original picture in any medium other than oil, water color or photograph.
Maximum size 15 sq ft.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

(i) For the best piece of original sculpture or woodcarving.
Awards $100.00—Second Choice $50.00.

N.B. ENTRIES TO SECTIONS (a), (b), (c), (d), (e), (h), WILL BE LIMITED TO ONE ENTRY PER PERSON, SECTIONS (f), (g), (i) TO TWO ENTRIES PER PERSON.

ALL WORK EXCEPT ENTRIES TO SCULPTURE AND WOODCARVING MUST BE SUBMITTED ON OR BEFORE FEBRUARY 15, 1962 to the Secretary of the Committee on Arts and Letters, Department of Education, and shall be accompanied by a signed statement to the effect that it is original and has not been published or exhibited. Exhibits to the sculpture and woodcarving will be received two days prior to the exhibition. No collect shipments will be accepted.

ALL SCRIPTS MUST BE IN TYPEWRITTEN FORM. The name and address of the contributor must be clearly indicated in the upper right hand corner of the page.

Paintings or pictures must be framed in wooden frames and the name and address of the artist must be affixed to the back in such a manner as not to be visable to the judges. Names must be affixed to sculptured or woodcarving in similar manner.

All paintings must have attached, strap or wire with hooks for hanging. TITLE OF PAINTING MUST BE LISTED.

No awards will be made where the entries submitteds do not, in the opinion of the appointed judges, merit recognition. To insure return of scripts, stamped and addressed return envelopes must be enclosed. The successful entries in all literary contests may be held by the Government for publication or otherwise.

ALL WORK SUBMITTED FOR COMPETITION MUST HAVE BEEN COMPLETED WITHIN THE PAST TWO YEARS.

All possible care will be taken of the works sent in, but the Committee will not be responsible for any loss, or damage by accident, theft, fire or otherwise. The Committee assumes no responsibility for the safe transportation or insurance of any works.

The Committee will not be responsible for any entries submitted without full identification and return address.

In any or all classes the Committee may on the recommendation of the judges, award a special prize for work of outsanding merit.

N.B. ENTRANTS MUST BE ORDINARILY RESIDENTS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

25 *years* 1961

1936

THIS YEAR CBC
MARKS ITS
25th ANNIVERSARY
AND IN NEWFOUNDLAND, AS
ELSEWHERE IN CANADA,
CBC IS PLEDGED TO SERVICE FOR
ALL SEGMENTS OF THE AUDIENCE.
IN THIS ANNIVERSARY YEAR
CBC IS PLANNING EXTENSION OF
ITS NEWFOUNDLAND FACILITIES TO
PROVIDE IMPROVED SERVICE TO EVEN
MORE OF OUR PEOPLE . . .

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